
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

JULY, 1803.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF THE LATE
LORD MONBODDO.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

WE are now about to bring forward the memoir of an individual who is distinguished both by his talents and exalted situation. That he was a singular man, we pretend not to deny—his eccentricities were great and many; but we must contend that his excellencies, both natural and acquired, are entitled to our admiration. We only, therefore, pay the just tribute of respect to his memory.

JAMES BURNET, Lord Monboddo, was born about the year 1730. He received his education at a Scottish university. At that time the classic literature of Greece and Rome was much in vogue, and hence he imbibed that love for the learned languages, which he preserved with an uncommon tenacity to his dying day.

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At a proper age he devoted himself to the study of the law with great intenseness, and soon became distinguished for his proficiency; and, what facilitated his studies, the forms and maxims of the Roman civil law are interwoven into the ancient laws of Scotland. All this time he cherished his ardent attachment to the Greek and Roman languages, which had been the subject of his study at the university.

In the year 1767, such was his progress in his profession, aided by his family connexions, that he was constituted judge, and took his place on the bench in the court of session. In this department he always acquitted himself with singular integrity. Instances of his ability and impartiality might be easily adduced: but such instances, however praise-worthy, cannot be entertaining to the readers of our miscellany.

At the period when Lord Monboddo first came forward into public life, the taste of the Scottish literati was refined and improved. Hume, Robertson, and other writers of the same stamp, were then beginning to weave around their brows those laurels with which they have since been so abundantly encircled. Elegance, therefore, in the writing of the English language, was the grand study, and this was attained. But Lord Monboddo thought he saw in the procedure a neglect of the ancients, a contempt for that ease and simplicity for which the writers of antiquity have been justly celebrated: hence he meditated and even began his principal work, 'The Origin and Progress of Language.'

Here he unfolded the stores of ancient literature; the hidden treasures of former times were ransacked and held up with unremitting diligence to the admiring view of posterity.

The success of the above work, on its publication in Scotland was very small; in England it was somewhat better received. The Greek tongue he extolled as a model of perfection; and indeed every thing the Greeks said or did appeared to him as the summit of perfection. Amidst every discouraging circumstance of authorship, it was to him some degree of consolation that he was noticed by the university of Oxford.

One laughable circumstance which occurred in his learned investigations was, that he asserted that MEN, in the earlier stages of society, were a kind of *ourang-outang*, whose form bears a strong resemblance to the human appearance! He even suggested that these rude men, who want articulate language, must have had tails! Of this appendage, however, it has been remarked, that "they gradually divested themselves, either by attentions to the breed, like those of a *Cully* or a *Bakerwell*, or by continually docking, till the tail was utterly extinguished even in the progeny."

The subject of our memoir married rather early in life Miss Farquharson, an amiable woman, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. Rigidly temperate in all his enjoyments, he delighted much in convivial society. Lord Gardenstone, a man of mild and amiable manners, was his particular friend; indeed among all

those who pretended to a love of literature, he was admired for his erudition and integrity.

During the vacations of the court of session, he used to retire every spring and autumn into the country. In this secluded state he acted as the father of his numerous tenants, and lived in a style of great simplicity. Here it was, upon his own estate, that Boswell introduced Johnson to him, and some very curious conversations took place between them. Indeed it was a truly original sight to see these two gentlemen, distinguished for their intellectual and literary eminence, meeting together, and discussing with perfect ease and freedom topics which, from their difficulty and abstruseness, had long perplexed the learned world. It was the pride of Boswell to bring them together, and the literati expected some sparring at least, though many looked for a downright contention. However, both parties preserved their temper in their respective discussions: thus the friends of both were happily disappointed.

His lordship now published another work, entitled 'Ancient Metaphysics,' which was designed to unfold and vindicate the principles of the Grecian philosophy. By bringing forward the ideas of Aristotle and Plato, he meant to confound Hume and his followers, on the one hand, and on the other, Reid, Beattie, and other doughty opponents of the ancient philosophy. This performance, owing to his peculiar views, was less popular than 'The Origin and Progress of Language.' It has been said, that though very ingenious, yet metaphysical science

appears almost equally uncouth and abstruse, as in the volumes of the monkish schoolmen.

This extraordinary man visited London frequently, in order to enjoy the converse of literary men. This long journey, from Edinburgh to the British metropolis, he performed on horseback, attended only by a single servant. As a carriage was not in common use among the ancients, he reprobated the contrivance as an engine of effeminacy and sloth; nay, he has been known to declare, that to be dragged at the tail of a horse, instead of mounting upon his back, was a ludicrous degradation of the dignity of human nature.

When in London, he frequented the court, and was frequently noticed by his majesty in a manner which must have been flattering to his feelings. Mrs. Montague's house he often visited, and to Mr. Harris, the author of 'Hermes,' he was warmly attached; upon his death there was a sensible diminution of the pleasure he derived from the society of London. His constitution was strengthened by exercise, guarded by temperance, and he preserved an evenness of mind which could not be broken down by the usual ravages of the passions. He was fond of the air-bath, that is, occasionally walking about naked for some minutes in a room filled with fresh and cool air: he was convinced of its salutary efficacy.

About six years previous to his decease, his lordship lost a most lovely daughter, who was married to Kirkpatrick Williamson, Esq. holding a respectable office in the court of session:

she died of a consumption. This is the lady who is praised in one of the papers in 'The Mirror,' as rejecting the most advantageous offers of settlement in marriage, that "she might amuse a father's loneliness, nurse the sickly infirmity of his age, and cheer him with all the tender cares of filial affection." Burns the poet, who had been warmly patronised by this lady and her father, thus celebrates her virtues and graces, which were of the superior kind :

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
Fair B—— strikes the adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine,
I see the *sire of love* on high,
And own his work indeed divine !

The loss of *such* a daughter accelerated the parent's dissolution. Lord Monboddo soon drooped in health and spirits, and fell into a state of extreme imbecillity. Yet to the last he pursued his favorite studies. He died within this two or three years ; and though possessed of many eccentricities, yet he was respected by his connexions, beloved by his family, and revered for his profound lucubrations by the learned world.

Islington.

J. E.

*THE REFLECTOR.*NO. 76.

BEAUTIES OF HOMER.

(Cowper's Translation.)

THE ILIAD of HOMER consists of twenty-four books; the first twelve have been the subject of consideration—the latter twelve remain to be examined. Passages of extraordinary beauty every where occur, and a few shall be brought forward for insertion: however, we must be particularly studious of brevity.

The heathen mythology has certainly afforded the father of poetry many sublime descriptions. Neptune is thus nobly delineated:—

Arriv'd, he to his chariot join'd his steeds,
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy
gold,
Himself attiring next in gold, he seiz'd
His golden scourge, and to his seat sublime
Ascending, o'er the billows drove; the whales,
Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides
Around him, not unconscious of their king,
The sea clave wide for joy; he lightly flew,
And with unmoisten'd axle, skimm'd the flood!

Neptune is then represented as speaking, and then his final departure is thus poetically described:

So spake the mighty shaker of the shores,
And with his sceptre smiting both, their hearts
Fill'd with fresh fortitude—their limbs the touch
Made agile, wing'd their feet, and nerv'd their
arms.

Then swift, as stoops a falcon from the point
Of some rude rock sublime, when he would
chase

A fowl of other wing along the meads,
So started Neptune thence, and disappear'd!

Juno about to deceive *Jupiter*, is thus pour-
trayed :

—— First she laved all o'er
Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,
Then polish'd it with richest oil divine
Of boundless fragrance—oil that, in the courts
Eternal, only shaken through the skies,
Breath'd odours, and through all the distant
earth.

Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,
She passed the comb through her ambrosial hair,
And braided her bright locks profusely pour'd
From her immortal brows ; with golden studs
She made her gorgeous mantle fast before :
Ethereal texture, labour of the hands
Of *Pallas*, beautified with various art,
And brac'd it with a zone fring'd all around
An hundred fold ; her pendants, triple-gem'd,
Of liquid lustre, in her ears she hung ;
And covering all her glories with a veil
Sun-bright, new woven, bound to her fair feet
Her small and shapely sandals.

Hector is then brought on the stage, spirited
to the fight ; the language is strongly impres-
sive :

As some stall'd horse, high pamper'd, snapping
short

His cord, beats under foot the sounding soil,
Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave
Exulting, high he bears his head ; his mane
Wantons around his shoulders ; pleas'd he eyes

His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees,
Soon finds the haunts where all his fellows graze :
So swift, once quicken'd by that voice divine,
From side to side, encouraging aloud
His charioteers, the nimble Hector flew !

The influence of *Phæbus* is energetically stated :

While Phœbus held the ægis unemploy'd,
Thick flew the darts, and mutual deaths they
dealt ;

But when he look'd the Grecian charioteers
Full in the face, and shook it—raising high
Himself the shout of battle, then he quell'd
Their spirits—then he struck from every mind
At once all mem'ry of their might in arms !
As when two lions, in the still dark night,
An herd of beeves disperse, or num'rous flock
Suddenly, in the absence of the guard :
So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent
Terrors amongst them, but renown conferr'd
And triumph proud on Hector and his host !

A few lines further we again meet with Hector :

—— Then Hector, with a voice
Of loud command, bade ev'ry Trojan cease
From spoil, and rush impetuous on the fleet ;
And whom I find far ling'ring from the ships,
Wherever, there he dies—no fun'ral fires
Brother on him or sister shall bestow ;
But dogs shall rend him in the sight of Troy.

We close this paper with the following patriotic lines :

—— Man may know
With ease the hand of interposing Jove,

And with what purpose : whether to exalt
 Or to depress, give, strengthen, or take away ;
 So all his aid is now not theirs, but ours.
 Therefore stand fast, and whosoever gall'd
 By arrow or by spear, dies, let him die :
Death for his country shall not slur his fame ;
 But his dear wife, his children, after him,
 His house and heritage, shall be secure—
 Drive but the Grecians from the shores of Troy !

Should the perfidious Corsican attempt to land on the shores of Britain, it is to be hoped that every inhabitant of this island will repel the foe with indignation ! *To die for our country* is glorious : it was even so in the days of old Homer, and it continues to be so to latest posterity. May this sentiment be duly impressed on our minds ! Britain united, and true to herself, may defy the whole world !

Islington.

J. E.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON SENSIBILITY.

OUR kind Creator has endowed mankind with a feeling for the welfare of each other, so as to participate in their joys and sorrows : and hard must that heart be which has no feeling for human misery !

Allowance must, no doubt, be made for the want of education, which has a tendency to improve the finer feelings of the soul. And yet we sometimes find that nature itself, without any cultivation, discovers latent springs of the most refined sensibility. If observation did not prove the contrary, we may frequently be led to

conclude, that mankind were formed in a different mould, as their feelings are so very different. The tale of woe that brings a torrent of tears from some eyes, scarcely affects the hearts of others. And whilst some can feel on the slightest occasion, when a slight is offered them, others appear indifferent to every occurrence in human life, and appear placid in the midst of danger. Religion no doubt has a tendency to fortify the mind under the pressure of human calamity, and yet it was never intended to remove the finer feelings of the soul. All that we can expect from this invaluable blessing is the regulation of our affections, so as not to be too much elated with prosperity, nor too much depressed with adversity. "To feel and bear," is the christian's motto, and yet we are not hastily to conclude that man irreligious who may at times be affected with human calamity to such a degree as to betray weakness and want of fortitude. Even our redeemer himself wept when human misery was presented to his view; and shall we infer that his disciples ought to suppress the feelings of the soul? That share of concern we take in human life, arising from the connection we have formed with relations and friends, will unavoidably harass our minds more or less. Who can see a lovely infant suffer, and not feel for its misery? Or perceive a beloved partner or friend involved in misfortunes, and not participate in her sorrows? If we ourselves have been the cause in any measure of the misery of others, our feelings on that account will be more exerted to be of service, if possible, to extricate them

from their misery. How does a tender parent feel for his rising offspring? He is concerned for their future welfare, and therefore of course is no stranger to the emotions of parental affection and compassion. Sensibility is the source of much misery to the human mind, and therefore it is to be checked. Some would give the greatest part of their property, if their finer feelings could be brought into subjection, for their lives are a great burthen. So many sources of misery arise amongst their connections that they are always wretched. Chagrined with their misfortunes, they have retired to monasteries, and bid farewell to all society. Others have been a prey to a nervous habit of body, and lunacy has completed their wretchedness. Whilst sensibility is certainly an inlet to misery, it is productive of much pleasure: it opens the mind to all the pleasures of true religion; it gives us to taste the sweets of friendship; it enables us to partake of connubial gratifications, and calls forth the latent seeds of every excellency. Whilst "we weep with those who weep, we rejoice with those who rejoice;" we anticipate future pleasures, and are desirous to make all happy around us. If in a more retired or public situation, we feel for others: we make the widow's heart leap for joy, and love the stranger, in giving him food and raiment. We look forward to a better world, where kindred minds will associate for ever together, and misery, that gives occasion to our painful feelings, will be for ever done away.

Reading, July 15, 1803.

T. M.

CHARACTER OF COWPER.

BY W. HAYLEY, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 127.)

THE native warmth of Cowper's affections led him to take particular pleasure in recording the merit with which he was personally acquainted: an instance of this amiable disposition appears in his condescending to translate the Latin epitaph on his school-master, Dr. Lloyd. Another epitaph, on his uncle, Mr. Ashley Cowper, I shall insert here, as it displays, in a most pleasing point of view, both the affectionate ardour and the modesty of its author:

LINES

Composed for a Memorial of Ashley Cowper, Esq. immediately after his Death, by his Nephew William, of Weston.

Farewell! endu'd with all that could engage
All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age!
In prime of life, for sprightliness enroll'd
Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old;
In life's last stage (Oh blessing rarely found!)
Pleasant as youth, with all its blossoms crown'd;
Thro' every period of this changeful state
Unchang'd thyself, wise, good, affectionate!

Marble may flatter, and lest this should seem
O'ercharg'd with praises on so dear a theme,
Altho' thy worth be more than half suppress'd,
Love shall be satisfi'd, and veil the rest.

In describing the social and friendly faculties of Cowper, it would be unjust not to bestow particular notice on a talent that he possessed in perfection, and one that friendship ought especially to honor, as she is indebted to it for a considerable portion of her most valuable delights—I mean the talent of writing letters.

Melmoth, the elegant translator of Pliny's Letters, has observed, in an interesting note to the thirteenth letter of the second book, how highly the art of epistolary writing was esteemed by the Romans, lamenting at the same time, that our country has not distinguished itself in this branch of literature.

My late accomplished friend, Dr. Warton, has also remarked, in his Life of Pope, that “in the various sorts of composition in which the English have excelled, we have perhaps the least claim to excellence in the article of letters of our celebrated countrymen.

Those of Pope are generally thought deficient in that air of perfect ease, that unstudied flow of affection, which gives the highest charm to epistolary writing: but those unaffected graces, which the delicate critic wished in vain to find in the letters of Pope, may be found abundant and complete in the various correspondence of Cowper. He was indeed a being of such genuine simplicity and tenderness, so absolute a stranger to artifice and disguise, his affections were so ardent and pure, that in writing to those he loved, he could not fail to shew what really passed in his own bosom, and his letters are most faithful representatives of his

heart. He could never subscribe to that dangerous and sophistical dogma of Dr. Johnson, in his splenetic disquisition on the Letters of Pope, that "Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity."

It certainly has such a tendency, and in proportion to the sense and the goodness of the writer; for a sensible and a good man must rather wish to afford his bosom-friend the most accurate knowledge of his real character, than to obtain a precarious increase of regard by any sort of illusion. The great charm of confidential epistolary intercourse to such a man arises from the persuasion, that veracity is not dangerous in speaking of his own defects, when he is speaking to a true and a considerate friend.

The letters not intended for the eye of the public have generally obtained the greatest share of popular applause; and for this reason, because such letters display no profusion of studied ornaments, but abound in the simple and powerful attractions of nature and truth.

Letters indeed will ever please, when they are frank confidential conversations on paper between persons of well-principled and highly cultivated minds, of graceful manners, and of tender affections.

The language of such letters must of course have that mixture of ease and elegance, peculiarly suited to such composition, and most happily exemplified in the letters of Cicero and Cowper. These two great masters of a perfect epistolary style have both mentioned their own excellent and simple rule for attaining it—

to use only the language of familiar conversation.

Cowper's opinion of two English writers, much admired for the stile of their letters, is expressed in the following extract from one of his own to Mr. Hill.

"I have been reading Gray's works, and think him sublime. I once thought Swift's letters the best that could be written, but I like Gray's better: his humour, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never ill-natured or offensive, and yet I think equally poignant with the dean's."

The letters of Gray are admirable, but they appear to me not equal to those of Cowper, either in the graces of simplicity or in warmth of affection.

The very sweet stanzas that Cowper has written on friendship* would be alone sufficient to prove that his heart and spirit were most tenderly alive to all the delicacy and delight of that inestimable connexion. He was indeed such a friend himself as the voice of wisdom describes, in calling a true friend "the Medicine of Life;" and though misfortune precluded him, in his early days, from the enjoyments of connubial love and of professional prosperity, he may be esteemed as singularly happy in this very important consolatory privilege of human

* We have already presented the admirers of Cowper with those verses, which are inserted in our Parnassian Garland in the two preceding numbers.

existence, particularly in his friendships with that finer part of the creation, whose sensibility makes them most able to relish, or to call forth the powers of diffident genius, and to alleviate the pressure of mental affliction. It may be questioned if any poet on the records of Parnassus ever enjoyed a confidential intimacy, as Cowper did, with a variety of accomplished women, maintaining at the same time consummate innocence of conduct.

Pre-eminent as he was in warmth and vigor of fancy and affection, the quickness and strength of his understanding were proportioned to the more perilous endowments of his mind. Tho' he had received from nature lively appetites and passions, his reason held them in the most steady and laudable subjection.

The only internal enemy of his peace and happiness, that his intellect could not subdue, was one tremendous idea, mysteriously impressed on his fervent imagination, in a scene of bodily disorder, and at such periods recurring upon his mind with an overwhelming influence, which not all the admirable powers of his own innocent upright spirit, nor all the united aids of art and nature, were able to counteract.

Though he was sometimes subject to imaginary fears, he maintained, in his season of health, a most magnanimous reliance on the kindness of Heaven. This sublime sentiment is forcibly and beautifully expressed in the following passage, extracted from his correspondence with Mr. Hill.

"I suppose you are sometimes troubled on

my account, but you need not. I have no doubt it will be seen, when my days are closed, that I served a Master who would not suffer me to want any thing that was good for me. He said to Jacob, I will surely do thee good; and this he said not for his sake only, but for ours also, if we trust in him. This thought relieves me from the greatest part of the distress I should else suffer in my present circumstances, and enables me to sit down peacefully upon the wreck of my fortune."

He also possessed and exerted that becoming fortitude which teaches a man to support, under various trials, the sober respect that he owes himself. Praise, however exalted, did not intoxicate him, and detraction was unable to poison his pure sense of his own merit; so that he thus escaped an infirmity into which some great and good poets have fallen—an infirmity that was remarkable in Racine, and which I had once occasion to observe and lament in a very eminent departed author of our own country, who complained to me, that time had so far depressed his spirits, as to take from him all sense of pleasure in public praise, and yet left him acute feelings of pain from public detraction.

ORIGINAL LETTERS,
LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.
NO. 7.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following letter, which is an exact copy of one written by the excellent Bishop Hough, cannot fail of being acceptable to you. There is a label annexed to it, which states that it was written on the 13th of April, 1743, in the 93d year of his age, and only three weeks before his death. Dr. Hough was chosen president of Magdalen college, Oxford, in the year 1687, from which he was removed by the ecclesiastical commissioners, and Dr. Parker, then Bishop of Oxford, put in his place. However, at the revolution, the college recovered its rights, and the presidentship was restored to Dr. Hough. In 1690, he was made Bishop of Oxford, and in eight or nine years afterwards was translated to the see of Lichfield and Coventry. Upon the demise of Dr. Tennison, the primacy was offered him, which he declined to accept, preferring the see of Worcester, to which he was translated in 1717, and retained till his death.

I am, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

MY LORD,

I THINK myself much obliged to your lordship's nephew for his kind visit, whereby I have a more authentic account of your lordship's health than is usually brought me by report, and an opportunity of informing myself in many particulars relating to your noble house and the good family at W——d, which I hear with the uncommon pleasure of one who is no stranger to them. Mr. C——ts is blessed in his children, all whose sons are not only observing, but prosperous; and I am glad to see one of them devoted to the service of God. He may not perhaps have chosen the most likely employment to thrive by, but he depends on a Master who never fails to recompence them that trust in him above their hopes. The young gentleman will account to your lordship for Hartlebury. But I fancy you will expect me to say something of myself, and therefore I am to tell you that my hearing hath long since failed. I am weak and forgetful, having as little inclination to business as ability to perform it. In other respects I have ease, if it may not more properly be called indolence, to a degree above what I durst have thought on when years began to multiply upon me. I wait continually for a deliverance out of this life into a better, in humble confidence that by the mercy of God, through the merits of his son, I shall stand at the resurrection on his right hand. And when you, my lord, have added those days which are to come (which I pray may be many and prosperous, and

as innocent and exemplary as those that are past), I doubt not of our meeting in that state where joys are renewable, and will always endure.

JOHN WORCESTER.

From Mr. Charles La Roche to Mr. R. Northcote.

MY FRIEND,

London, Nov. 19, 1743.

I HAVE for several posts past been impatiently expecting a letter from you. I have reviewed my conduct, and am not conscious that I merit your disregard, therefore begin to fear that your illness deprives me of the pleasure I always find in your conversation; if you are well, pray relieve me by next post. I have lately been struggling with a very severe disease, and have been within nearer views of death than ordinary. I summoned all my fortitude, and soon determined to meet my fate with becoming constancy: but, alas! my attachments to the world rendered my strongest resolutions weak and unmanly; the pleasures of life made the most tempting appearance, your friendship not the least, to lure me back; and though I could look on death as the common lot of all mankind, I could not reconcile myself to meet it with calmness and serenity of mind, which is so worthy the character of an intelligent being thoroughly persuaded of a future existence.

I beg your next letter may be on this subject, that I may have your reasons too, to aid me

whenever death shall make his near approaches. I thank God I am now bravely recovered, and hope to enjoy your friendship yet a little longer.

I am now greatly hurried, else would write oftener to you, and make my letters more agreeable; you have not this excuse, therefore pray write long letters, for they never want any thing else to make them the most agreeable entertainment in the world, to

Your friend,

C. L. R.

Another from the same.

DEAR NORTHCOTE,

London,
Dec. 20, 1743.

WHETHER to call it happy or unhappy, I know not; but in my present situation I have very few minutes of retirement; and I often think (if I may so express myself) that business is hatedly propitious to me, when it calls my mind off from some very agreeable reflections, which you yourself are many times the object of; when I consider how few there are among mankind capable of the tender sympathy, the entire confidence, the unreserved freedom, the impenetrable secrecy, the unshaken fidelity, and many other of the requisites to a true and lasting friendship; and when I consider farther, that all those must centre equally in two minds, that each must be interwoven in the other's fate; that besides these, there must be a similitude of almost every inclination, that (as Rowe prettily expresseth it) one faith must ever bind

them, and one reason guide their wills: I say, when I reflect on these things, I shrink up in silent joy, to think I am one of the happy few who possesses the invaluable blessing of a sincere friend; and while the busy world are anxious for their fate in this new bubble, I rest contented, that in the lottery of life, I have drawn its greatest prize.

I am highly obliged to you for recommending me to Counsellor Gill, a gentleman whose character has always pleased me; though I cannot help being so partial to your opinion, that if I had no other knowledge of the gentleman than his being your friend, I should be fond of his acquaintance; but let me caution you, my friend, not to heighten that or any other gentleman's opinion of me, for I am conscious that I never reach the character which your friendship inclines you to give of me. You ask me for news, but we have none at present worth communicating that may be depended on; that stream is now so very low, that what we have is puddled by vulgar mouths. It was reported, a few days since, that some incendiary letters had been sent to the Duke of Newcastle, Pelham, &c. threatening to cut them to pieces if the Hanoverian troops were not soon dismissed our service; but we hear no more of it. I wish the approaching season may bring you abundance of pleasure, and I beg it may bring a letter from you, which will greatly increase the happiness of

Your's, &c. &c.

C. L. R.

RURAL PROBITY.

A MORAL TALE.

Translated from the French, by Francis Ashmore, Esq.

A LITTLE village, near Vitré, in Brittany, gave birth to Perrin. Poverty, on his entrance into life, pressed him in her cold embraces. He lost both his father and his mother before he could pronounce either of their names. He owed even his subsistence to public charity, and his learning, which was confined to mere reading and writing, he derived from the same source. At the age of fifteen, he was taken into the service of a farmer, who gave him the care of a flock. Lucetta, a young girl of the neighbourhood, at this time tended her father's sheep, and frequently led them to pasture, where she met Perrin, who rendered her all the little services and assiduities which might be expected at his age and in his situation. The circumstance of their being much together, joined to the tranquil nature of their employ, their native innocence and goodness of heart, and officious attention to each other, soon produced a mutual attachment. They were fond of being together, and waited for the hour when they were to meet in the meadow with an impatience which could only be equalled by the regret which they felt, at their temporary separation, on quitting it. Their tender hearts possessed great susceptibility, and they already felt the passion of love, ignorant as they yet

were of its nature and tendency. Five years glided away in innocent amusements. Their sentiments now grew more animated and ardent, and they never met without the warmest emotions, heightened, indeed by the artless expressions of their love. Lucetta frequently checked the violence of Perrin's passion, not without regretting the constraint to which she was subjected, by her conscious and ingenuous modesty. Perrin sighed, and endeavoured to imitate her cautious behaviour: they both wished to be united by wedlock, and acknowledged to each other their mutual desire. Marriage is the final object of rural love: seduction is happily unknown in the innocent village; the coquette and the man of intrigue are characters not there to be met with!

Perrin meant to ask Lucetta of her father; and he communicated his design to his mistress, who blushed at the proposal, yet frankly owned that it gave her a very sensible pleasure. She did not, however, chuse to be present at the interview betwixt him and her father, and therefore told her lover that she was going to the neighbouring town next day, desiring him to avail himself of her absence, and acquaint her in the evening with his success.

The young man, at the appointed time, flew to Lucetta's father, and opened his mind to him without reserve. Studied persuasion and art are not the talents of rural orators. He frankly told him that he loved Lucetta. "You love my daughter," answered the old man, abruptly: "you would marry Lucetta! Are you in ear-

nest, Perrin? How do you propose to live? Have you cloaths to give her—have you a roof to cover her—have you food to support her?—You are a servant, and have nothing: Lucetta is not rich enough to maintain herself and you. Perrin, you are in no condition to keep a wife and family.”—“I have hands,” replied Perrin, “I have health and strength: a man who loves his wife never wants employment; and what industry would I not exert to maintain Lucetta! Hitherto I have earned five crowns every year; I have saved twenty, and they will defray the expences of the wedding. I will labour more diligently, my savings will augment, and I shall be able to take a little farm. The richest inhabitants of our village have begun as poorly as I shall set off in life—why may not I succeed as well as they?”—“Very true, Perrin! You are young; you may wait yet for some time. When I find you a rich man, my daughter is your’s; but, till then, make me no more absurd and romantic proposals.

This was the only answer Perrin could obtain, he therefore hastened to meet Lucetta, whom he soon found. He was so deeply affected with his disappointment, that she read in his face the unwelcome tidings. “My father then has refused you!” exclaimed she, with a sigh. “Ah, Lucetta! how unhappy am I to have been born poor! But I have not lost all hope—my situation may change. Your husband would have spared no pains to procure you a comfortable subsistence—will not your lover do as much, to have the happiness one

day of possessing you? We shall yet be united—I will not abandon the delightful prospect. I conjure you to keep your heart for me: remember you have faithfully pledged it; Should your father propose a match for you—Lucetta, that is the only misfortune that I can fear—your compliance would terminate my life!”—“And could I, Perrin, marry any one but you! No; if I am not your’s, I will not be the wife of any man on earth!”

They held this conversation on the road to Vitré. Night advancing, obliged them to quicken their pace. The evening was dark; Perrin’s foot hit against something in the road, and he fell. He searches for what occasioned his fall, and he finds it. It is a heavy bag. He takes it up; and, curious to know what it contains, goes with Lucetta into an adjacent field, where a fire, which the peasants had lighted in the day-time, was yet burning. By the light of this fire he opens the bag, and finds it filled with gold. “What do I see!” cried Lucetta. “Ah, Perrin, you are become rich!”—“Is it possible,” replied Perrin, “that it is now in my power to possess you! Can Heaven have been so propitious to our love, as to bestow on me what will procure your father’s consent to our marriage, and make us happy!” This idea infuses joy into their souls. They view the gold with eagerness, almost distrustful of their eyes; then they quit the shining object, and look on each other with tenderness and transport. Their first surprise abated, they count the sum, and find that it amounts to twelve

thousand' livres. They are enchanted with their immense treasure. "Ah, Lucetta!" cries Perrin, "your father can no longer oppose my happiness!" Lucetta cannot find words to answer him; but her eyes are animated and eloquent, and she presses her lover's hand with rapture. Perrin is now certain, that his bliss will soon be ratified. He embraced his mistress with ardour and extasy—he is absorbed in the idea of his approaching felicity. "Amiable Lucetta!" cried he, "how dear is this fortune to me, for I shall share it with you."

They now tied up their treasure, and proceeded toward Lucetta's father's, determined to shew it immediately to the old man. They had arrived near his house, when Perrin suddenly stooped—"By this gold," cries he, "we expect to be happy; but is it really our's? It undoubtedly belongs to some traveller. The fair of Vitré is just over: some merchant, on his return home, has probably lost it: at this very moment, while we are giving ourselves up to joy, he is perhaps abandoning himself to despair."—"Your reflection is dreadful!" answered Lucetta: "the unhappy gentleman is doubtless in the utmost distress: and can we enjoy what belongs to him? The idea makes me tremble."—"We were carrying this money to your father," replied Perrin, "through the influence of which he would unquestionably have consented to make us happy. But could we have been happy, while usurping the property of another? Let us go to the rector of our parish, who has always shewn me great

kindness. He recommended me to my master, and I should take no material step without consulting him."

The rector was at home. Perrin produced the bag which he had found, and owned that he had at first considered it as a gift from Heaven. He acquainted him with his love for Lucetta, nor did he conceal the obstacle which his poverty had proved to their union. The good priest was all attention to the story. He regarded them with paternal affection, and their behaviour awakened the sensibility of his soul. He perceived the ardour of a mutual passion glisten in their eyes, and he greatly admired their passion, but still more their probity. "Perrin," said he, "cherish these sentiments during the remainder of your life; the consciousness of possessing them will make you happy, and they will draw down from Providence a blessing on your endeavours. We shall discover the owner of this money, and he will recompence your integrity; to his reward I will add a portion of what I have saved, and Lucetta shall be your's—I will engage to obtain her father's consent, for you are worthy of each other. If the money deposited with me be not reclaimed, it belongs to the poor: you are poor; and in restoring it to you, I shall think that I act in obedience to that Providence which, by directing you to find it, and lodge it with me, has already marked you out as objects of special favor."

The two lovers retired, satisfied with having done their duty, and enlivened by the hope of

being happily united. The bag was carried throughout the rector's parish, and advertisements were posted up at Vitré, and all the neighbouring villages. It was claimed by many avaricious and selfish persons, but none of them could give an accurate account of the sum, the specie, and the bag in which it was contained.

In the mean time, the rector forgot not his promise to promote Perrin's interest. He accordingly took a small farm for him, purchased cattle and implements of husbandry, and, two months afterward, married him to Lucetta. The hearts of the fortunate couple, who had now arrived at the summit of their wishes, daily overflowed with gratitude to Heaven and to the rector. Perrin was industrious, and Lucetta attentive to domestic affairs: they paid their landlord with the most rigid punctuality, lived moderately on their profits, and were happy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Monthly Visitor.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered to the Lodge of Freedom, No. 39, by Brother John Bryan, R.W.M. of the Lodge of United Friendship, No. 329, on Monday, Dec. 27, 1802, being the Festival of St. John the Evangelist.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR AND BRETHREN,

I HAVE always considered the cultivating a good understanding among masons a duty incumbent on all, but more particularly on those

who preside over our assemblies, as on their example may depend the conduct of the members. As we are all embarked in one cause, nothing can be more absurd or silly than to weaken it with private animosities; and I know of no way of effecting the one, and preventing the other so successfully, as by occasional general meetings, which afford opportunity of conciliating esteem, and generating friendship.

Union and harmony being essential to the support of all societies, must in a peculiar manner be so to that of freemasonry, whose range is so wide, and objects so important. It extends from east to west, from north to south, and diffuses its benefits to the whole human race: 'tis like the sun, that grand enlivener of universal nature.

Its objects are no less than the dissemination of useful knowledge, the extension of practical virtue, and the mitigation of human woe. Impressed with this sense of the institution, sir, I feel a high gratification in meeting you this evening, to celebrate the festival of St. John the evangelist, whose piety and virtue hath immortalized his name, and rendered him a fit object for our imitation. It is a common error with mankind, that we assemble for convivial purposes, merely to circulate the inebriating glass, and lose our senses in the loud roar of obstreperous mirth. And I am sorry to add, the conduct of too many of our brethren confirm the opinion; they attend our lodges without any sense of the useful lessons they receive;

they return to the world, and instead of distinguishing themselves by their zeal for virtue, instead of being a credit to an institution founded on the improvement of morals, are a disgrace to human nature. My brethren, let us be cautious and circumspect, for however unjust the judgment, a censorious world will estimate the value of the institution from the deportment of its members.

In proportion as knowledge and science gain ground in any state or country, its inhabitants become divested of that savage ferocity which is the characteristic of uncultivated barbarism, and acquire that urbanity of disposition which gives life its highest polish, and consists in a reciprocal interchange of kind and friendly actions.

“ These polish’d arts have humaniz’d mankind,
Softens’d the rude, and calm’d the boist’rous
mind.”

Surely masonry claims respect on this ground, it embraces the rude savage with the accomplished Briton, and bestows on each a high relish for the exquisite pleasures of the understanding. But it is much more worthy of esteem and admiration for its aim at disposing the heart to virtue: knowledge without virtue might lead us to impose on the credulous and ignorant; “ elegant speculations are sometimes found to float upon the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart.” It is virtue alone bestows intrinsic worth on man, and renders him fit for the du-

ties of society ; without it the most splendid talents are but tools in the hand of vice, and the more dangerous as the more eminent. The pomp of wealth, the ostentation of learning, and charms of beauty will vanish as the clouds of night before the sun ; virtue alone will ride superior to the storms of age, and reach the skies : “ secure her, and you secure every thing ; lose her—and all is lost !”

“ Know then this truth (enough for man to know)

Virtue alone is happiness below ;

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill.”

Charity is the basis on which the superstructure of freemasonry is erected. To strive to mitigate human misery, to administer to the wants of our fellow-creatures, is to imitate the example of the beneficent Creator of the universe, who is continually dispensing, with the most unbounded munificence, his blessings to beings, whose diversity of kind and extent of numbers defy the utmost stretch of human imagination, and leave us to wonder and adore. To minds susceptible of the fine feelings of humanity, alive to the sweet emotions of sensibility, motives are unnecessary ; their hearts melt at distress, and scenes of wretchedness bedew their cheeks with tears. Were the most callous but for a moment to reflect on the havoc made amongst the human species by chill penury and incurable disease, they must soften

and melt into pity at a view of the sad variety of evils to which man is exposed :

“ Vice in his high career would stand appall’d,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of charity would warm ;
And its wide wish benevolence dilate.
The social tear would raise the social sigh,
And into clear perfection gradual bliss
Refining, still the social passions work.”

I have now only to apologize for trespassing these observations on your patience, and to remind you masonry is worthy your attention, inasmuch as it dispels the clouds of ignorance, discourages the follies of vice, and cloaths wretchedness with smiles.

Great Public Characters.

NO. 10.

LORD NELSON.

IN a former number of the MONTHLY VISITOR is given a portrait of this brave and gallant commander, with some memoirs of his life ; notwithstanding which, we cannot forbear presenting our readers with an account, or rather a journal of his atchievements, contained in a neat and elegant volume, entitled ‘ Naval Biography,’ which has just made its appearance, and for a further account of which see our critical department in the present number.

As Englishmen, we are firmly of opinion, that every communication of this nature, which must naturally excite our admiration, cannot be too widely disseminated : it is congenial to our independence as a great people—it is congenial to our best and dearest interests as Britons, and without which we should be totally insensible to that greatest of all sublunary comforts, true *rational liberty*. It is, under Divine Providence, to the inherent bravery of men of this description that we are indebted for the eminent superiority which we possess over every other nation of the world.

Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronti, &c. &c. is the fourth son of Edward Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and was born on the 29th of Sept. 1758. The high school at Norwich having instilled first principles of learning into his aspiring mind, he was removed to North Walsham. On the appearance of hostilities with Spain, relative to the Falkland islands, in 1770, he left the school at North Walsham, at the age of twelve years, to go on board the *Raisonable*, of 64 guns, commanded by his maternal uncle, Capt. Suckling. The dispute between the court of London and Madrid being adjusted, our young mariner was sent on board a West India ship. Returning after a voyage in 1772, his uncle received him on board the *Triumph*. He had acquired, in the merchant service, a practical knowledge of seamanship ; but had conceived an unaccountable prejudice against the naval service. That seemingly

rooted aversion to the navy was, however, so successfully combatted by Capt. Suckling, that he at length became reconciled to the idea of service on board a king's ship. In April, 1773, a voyage of discovery was undertaken by Capt. Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave) towards the north pole. On this occasion instructions were issued that no boys should be received on board; but the enterprising Horatio was so anxious to be of the party, that he solicited to be appointed cockswain to Capt. Lutwidge, and his request was readily granted.

The following anecdote may serve as a proof of the cool intrepidity which our young mariner possessed. In those high northern latitudes the nights are generally clear: during one of them, notwithstanding the extreme bitterness of the cold, young Nelson was missing, and every search was instantly made in quest of him, and it was imagined he was lost; when, lo! as the rays of the rising sun opened the distant horizon, to the astonishment of his messmates, he was discerned at a considerable distance on the ice, armed with a single musket, in anxious pursuit of an immense bear. The lock of the piece having been injured, it would not go off; he had therefore pursued the animal in hopes of tiring him, and at length was able to effect his purpose with the butt end. Being reprimanded for leaving the ship without leave, the young hero replied, "I wished, sir, to get the skin for my father."

Returning to England, he obtained a birth in the *Sea Horse*, of twenty guns, and sailed in it

with a squadron to the East Indies. In this ship Mr. Nelson was stationed to watch in the foretop, and afterwards he was placed on the quarter-deck. In this vessel he visited almost every part of the East Indies, from Bengal to Bussora. A series of ill health, however, rendered it expedient for him to return to England, in consequence of which the captain caused him to be conveyed hither. On the 8th of April, 1777, Mr. Nelson passed his examination for the rank of lieutenant, and the next day received his commission as second of the *Lowestoffe*, of 32 guns.

The following anecdote concerning our hero ought not to be suppressed. In a strong gale of wind, and a heavy sea, the *Lowestoffe* captured an American letter of marque. The captain ordered the first lieutenant to board her, which he readily attempted, but was not able to effect, owing to the tremendous sea running. On his return to the ship, Captain Locker exclaimed, "Have I then no officer who can board the prize?" On hearing this, the master immediately ran to the gang-way, in order to jump into the boat, when Lieut. Nelson suddenly stopped him, saying, "It is my turn now; if I come back, it will be your's."

In 1778, he was appointed third lieutenant of the *Bristol*; from which, by rotation, he became the first. He obtained his post rank on the 11th of June, 1779, and was appointed to command the *Hinchinbroke*. In July, 1780, an expedition was resolved on for the destruction of fort Juan, in the gulph of Mexico, when

Capt. Nelson was appointed to command the naval department, and Major Polson the military : in effecting this arduous service, Capt. Nelson displayed his usual intrepidity, which, according to the major's declaration, was the principal cause of our success in reducing fort Juan.

After a variety of service, in which nothing very material occurred, the *Boreas*, which he then commanded, was paid off, and he retired to the parsonage-house of Burnham Thorpe.

In January, 1793, he was appointed to the *Agamemnon*, of 64 guns, and was soon placed under the orders of Lord Hood, then appointed to command in the Mediterranean. At Toulon and at Bastia Lord Hood bore ample testimony to the skill and exertions of Capt. Nelson. At the siege of Calvi, in July and August, 1794, he behaved with great intrepidity, and justly merited the encomiums he received from the admiral. It was here that a shot from the enemy's battery deprived him of the sight of his right eye. In December, 1796, Capt. Nelson hoisted his broad flag as commodore, on board *La Minerve* frigate, and captured *La Sabina*, of 40 guns, and 280 men, commanded by Don Jacobo Stuart. *La Sabina* had 164 men killed and wounded ; the *Minerva* had 7 killed, and 34 wounded. Commodore Nelson joined the admiral, Sir John Jervis, off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of Feb. just in time to communicate the intelligence relative to the force and state of the Spanish fleet, and to shift his pennant on board the *Captain*, of 74 guns, commanded by

Capt. Miller. In April, 1797, Sir Horatio Nelson hoisted his flag as rear-admiral of the blue, and was detached to bring down the garrison of Porto Ferrajo.

On the 27th of May he shifted his flag to the *Theseus*, and was appointed to command the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. During this service his personal courage was remarkably conspicuous. In the attack on the Spanish gun-boats, on the 3d of July, 1797, he was boarded in his barge, on board of which was only his usual compliment of ten men, and the cockswain, accompanied by Capt. Freemantle. Don Miguel Tyreson, who commanded the Spanish gun-boats, in a barge rowed by 26 oars and 30 men, made a most desperate effort to overpower Sir Horatio Nelson and his brave companions. The conflict was long and doubtful, and they fought hand to hand with their swords. Eighteen of the Spaniards being killed, the commandant and all the rest wounded, the rear-admiral, with his gallant barge's crew, succeeded. Sir John Jervis concludes his letter to the admiralty, dated the 5th of July, 1797, containing the account of this achievement, in the following words: "Any praise of mine will fall very short of his (Admiral Nelson's) merit."

Though the enterprize against Santa Cruz did not succeed, his majesty's arms acquired great lustre, as greater intrepidity was never shewn by both officers and men. In this attack Sir Horatio Nelson lost his right arm by a cannon-shot; and 246 gallant officers, marines,

and seamen were killed, wounded, and drowned. It was not till the 13th of Dec. that the surgeons pronounced Admiral Nelson fit for service. On his first appearance at court, his sovereign received him in the most gracious manner, and expressed his regret that his state of health and mutilated person would doubtless deprive the nation of his future services. Sir Horatio replied, with a dignified emphasis—"May it please your majesty, I can never think that a loss which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country."

Soon after this, our gallant admiral received a pension of 1000*l* per ann. in consequence, as it was said, of the loss of his arm, but in fact as a small recompence for having spent a considerable part of his life in danger, hardship, enterprise, and service. Previous to the issuing of this grant, a positive custom required that he should distinctly state his services to his majesty. The following memorial was delivered upon this occasion:—

"TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"The Memorial of SIR HORATIO NELSON, K. B. and a Rear-admiral in your Majesty's Fleet.

"THAT during the present war, your memorialist has been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, viz. on the 13th and 14th of March, 1795; on the 13th of July, 1795; and

on the 14th of February, 1797 ; in three actions with frigates ; in six engagements against batteries ; in ten actions in boats employed in cutting out of harbours ; in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns. Your memorialist has also served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi. That during the war he has assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes ; and taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels ; and your memorialist has actually been engaged against the enemy *one hundred and twenty times*. In which service your memorialist has lost his right eye and arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body. All of which services and wounds your memorialist most humbly submits to your majesty's most gracious consideration.

“ HORATIO NELSON.”

October, 1797.

(To be continued in our next.)

SPEECH

LATELY DELIVERED IN A DEBATING SOCIETY, ISLINGTON.

QUESTION.

Whether is the Miser or the Prodigal most injurious to Society ?

I WAS never called upon to give an opinion on a question from which more improvement may be obtained ; and since this debate is

carried on for two purposes—first, for the improvement of the young as to moral character, and secondly to exercise and improve those talents with which nature has endowed us—I have not the least hesitation to assert, that this is one of the best questions, considered in that point of view, which can be proposed.

Most writers both ancient and modern have considered life as a journey, and many of them have in that way produced works, out of which I could obtain sufficient for every necessary purpose on this question: but as I think there is more merit in attempting (even should I fail in it) to write for myself, I have been induced to exert my own slender abilities upon it; and the production of that exertion is the following essay.

It is the case with avarice as with some other vices, that they proceed originally from motives which, when confined to their proper boundaries, are both commendable and praise-worthy, and are only vices when immoderately pursued. It is impossible for any one to tell me that to be careful of the means which the Almighty has given for our support, is a vice, or even a folly, unless that carefulness is carried to too great an extent; and it is equally impossible to maintain that our Creator did not mean us to enjoy with moderation the good things he gives us.

I shall endeavour to delineate some of the principal circumstances attendant upon the journey of avaricious men. Like all the rest of mankind, they at first proceed on the road

common to all ; but before they have gone a day's journey, they turn down a road on the right hand, in which they proceed with incredible labour and pains, but without enjoying the blessings either of food or sleep. On every side mountains of gold or silver present themselves to their view, but which they are forbidden to touch, under the penalty of starving.—Proceeding onwards in the road, our attention is drawn to a hovel, whose tattered roof will not shelter its miserable inhabitants from the chilling blasts of winter, or the rude pelting of the storm, and whose portals are secured by innumerable bars and bolts, to prevent the intrusion of any but its miserable masters. Let us now suppose we are allowed to enter:—behold, seated upon a heap of money, surrounded by pyramids of gold, of silver, and of jewels, the god of these miserable travellers. Behold his attendants, bribery, rapine, extortion, corruption, and fraud, all denoting by their employments the end of their pursuits ; their wan and meagre countenances and their half uncovered limbs indicating the want of all the necessaries of life, though buried in the means of procuring them. Look further into the building, and remark the employment of these people. Behold bribery seated at a table covered with small bags of money ; see the murderer, whose hands are still wet and covered with blood, coming to receive the promised reward for the murder of a father, a brother, or an uncle ; see him dispensing with a niggardly hand that money, to those miserable wretches, which is to be the

purchase of their veracity, in order to protect him from merited punishment, or to increase that which he has not the heart to enjoy, and of which he has more than he knows what to do with. We see rapine surrounded by a band of wretches, who wait but his command to overthrow the government, to thief, to murder, and to commit crimes, at the mere name of which nature recoils with horror, in order that he may profit by the scuffle they occasion. See enter a numerous assembly of unfortunate beings, who proceed to the office of extortion: view him portioning out to each a small bag of money, and dismissing them, with orders to return at the time appointed. The time arrives; and see these miserable beings again enter: each, one alone excepted, bears in his hands, instead of the small bag they received, one of about thrice the size, the whole contents of which are rendered to their avaricious creditor; and, last of all, behold him who is not able to satisfy the demands of this merciless fiend, begging and intreating in a manner that would melt a heart of stone for a short time longer to liquidate his debt; and follow him to the place where the unhealthy damps of a dungeon, joined to all the tortures which disappointed avarice can inflict, soon terminate his painful existence. Returned, we behold him extorting by the assistance of bribery, immense sums of money from innocent persons, in consideration of his releasing them from crimes he says they have committed, because he is aware they cannot prove their own innocence.

Fraud next demands our attention. Seated upon a pile of money (her gains by means of false scales, light weights, and deceitful measures), exulting to her companions in the innumerable deceits she has practised, and that there is not a man who can say, I have never in any degree experienced them, she passes the little time which her business leaves unemployed.

But it is time I should now draw this journey to a conclusion, and that we should look at the conduct of the miser when taken ill. See him when in the last convulsive moments of dissolution clasping with increasing avidity that money the usefulness of which each moment lessens as it flies.

Let us now turn to the young man who is just entering the path of life, and follow him a short distance, till he stops to consider which of the two paths which arrest his attention he shall enter: on looking into the one on the right hand, the entrance appears rugged, uncomfortable, and uneven. Looking onwards, he beholds mountains of gold, but over which poverty is placed centinel, and threatens to torment, to the utmost of her power the miserable being who shall employ a single grain of it to purchase any of the necessities or conveniences of life. Turning to the other path, it appears smooth, flowery, and pleasant at its entrance, and innumerable pieces of money and diamonds sparkle on the ground; but a turning prevents him from viewing it further. This, joined to the idea that many of his companions have taken this road, induces him to enter it;

but, as if aware that he was going wrong, his steps are at first wary and cautious. Thinking that, in a place like this, he shall never be at a loss for the means of gratifying his pleasures, he will not burden himself with carrying that which he thinks he shall not want. Proceeding onwards in the path, it becomes less and less flowery and pleasant, and every now and then he sinks into sloughs; to purchase his liberty from which, he first parts with his honor, and at last braves the gallows to procure money for his pleasures, or to help him out of the difficulties which they have thrown him into. Let us now behold him, scarce arrived at years of maturity, bent down by premature old age, brought on by the diseases his pleasures have generated; and last of all, either expiring under the hands of the executioner, or dying some ignominious death, or falling a prey by inches to the most cruel tortures, and tormented more than all by his fears, nay his certainty, of unknown punishment in eternity.

I shall now endeavor to point out those things which are to be urged in favor of and against these two opposite vices, in comparison with each other; and then conclude with my sentiments upon them.

I am very much at a loss to find any one instance in which the miser is an advantage to society, and the only good he does to it is, that he serves as a landmark, to warn others of the rocks and quicksands they must inevitably meet with in following his steps. Every one must surely know the great superiority which exam-

ple possesses over precept; and I can scarcely think there can be a young mind who would not, by reading the life and miseries of an Elwes or a Dancer, be deterred from such miserable, such unworthy, such detestible pursuits.

On the contrary, how numerous, how complicated and dreadful are the evils which avarice produce! The father or the mother are not safe from the murdering dagger of a beloved son: Denmark can shew that the wife has become the murderer of her husband; that brother has spilt the blood of brother for a crown. England can testify that uncles have washed their hands in the blood of their nephews; and Rome proclaims that there is no tie, however sacred, that avarice will not break.

Again, avarice abuses the means the beneficent Creator has given us for our support.—When society began to increase, it was found necessary to place upon something a nominal value, whereby others might procure from others the things which they did not possess, and for this purpose, money was used and invented: and therefore, to hoard up money, is most certainly an abuse of it, and tends very much to the prejudice of society.

The miser is a disadvantage to society, because he drains the public of their money, and buys with it none of the necessities or conveniences of life. His lank and meagre countenance are indisputable proofs that the butcher or the baker do not often pass his threshold; his foul linen and the tattered rags which he means to

purchase of their veracity, in order to protect him from merited punishment, or to increase that which he has not the heart to enjoy, and of which he has more than he knows what to do with. We see rapine surrounded by a band of wretches, who wait but his command to overthrow the government, to thief, to murder, and to commit crimes, at the mere name of which nature recoils with horror, in order that he may profit by the scuffle they occasion. See enter a numerous assembly of unfortunate beings, who proceed to the office of extortion: view him portioning out to each a small bag of money, and dismissing them, with orders to return at the time appointed. The time arrives; and see these miserable beings again enter: each, one alone excepted, bears in his hands, instead of the small bag they received, one of about thrice the size, the whole contents of which are rendered to their avaricious creditor; and, last of all, behold him who is not able to satisfy the demands of this merciless fiend, begging and intreating in a manner that would melt a heart of stone for a short time longer to liquidate his debt; and follow him to the place where the unhealthy damps of a dungeon, joined to all the tortures which disappointed avarice can inflict, soon terminate his painful existence. Returned, we behold him extorting by the assistance of bribery, immense sums of money from innocent persons, in consideration of his releasing them from crimes he says they have committed, because he is aware they cannot prove their own innocence.

Fraud next demands our attention. Seated upon a pile of money (her gains by means of false scales, light weights, and deceitful measures), exulting to her companions in the innumerable deceits she has practised, and that there is not a man who can say, I have never in any degree experienced them, she passes the little time which her business leaves unemployed.

But it is time I should now draw this journey to a conclusion, and that we should look at the conduct of the miser when taken ill. See him when in the last convulsive moments of dissolution clasping with increasing avidity that money the usefulness of which each moment lessens as it flies.

Let us now turn to the young man who is just entering the path of life, and follow him a short distance, till he stops to consider which of the two paths which arrest his attention he shall enter: on looking into the one on the right hand, the entrance appears rugged, uncomfortable, and uneven. Looking onwards, he beholds mountains of gold, but over which poverty is placed centinel, and threatens to torment, to the utmost of her power the miserable being who shall employ a single grain of it to purchase any of the necessities or conveniences of life. Turning to the other path, it appears smooth, flowery, and pleasant at its entrance, and innumerable pieces of money and diamonds sparkle on the ground; but a turning prevents him from viewing it further. This, joined to the idea that many of his companions have taken this road, induces him to enter it;

but, as if aware that he was going wrong, his steps are at first wary and cautious. Thinking that, in a place like this, he shall never be at a loss for the means of gratifying his pleasures, he will not burden himself with carrying that which he thinks he shall not want. Proceeding onwards in the path, it becomes less and less flowery and pleasant, and every now and then he sinks into sloughs; to purchase his liberty from which, he first parts with his honor, and at last braves the gallows to procure money for his pleasures, or to help him out of the difficulties which they have thrown him into. Let us now behold him, scarce arrived at years of maturity, bent down by premature old age, brought on by the diseases his pleasures have generated; and last of all, either expiring under the hands of the executioner, or dying some ignominious death, or falling a prey by inches to the most cruel tortures, and tormented more than all by his fears, nay his certainty, of unknown punishment in eternity.

I shall now endeavor to point out those things which are to be urged in favor of and against these two opposite vices, in comparison with each other; and then conclude with my sentiments upon them.

I am very much at a loss to find any one instance in which the miser is an advantage to society, and the only good he does to it is, that he serves as a landmark, to warn others of the rocks and quicksands they must inevitably meet with in following his steps. Every one must surely know the great superiority which exam-

ple possesses over precept; and I can scarcely think there can be a young mind who would not, by reading the life and miseries of an Elwes or a Dancer, be deterred from such miserable, such unworthy, such detestible pursuits.

On the contrary, how numerous, how complicated and dreadful are the evils which avarice produce! The father or the mother are not safe from the murdering dagger of a beloved son: Denmark can shew that the wife has become the murderer of her husband; that brother has spilt the blood of brother for a crown. England can testify that uncles have washed their hands in the blood of their nephews; and Rome proclaims that there is no tie, however sacred, that avarice will not break.

Again, avarice abuses the means the beneficent Creator has given us for our support.—When society began to increase, it was found necessary to place upon something a nominal value, whereby others might procure from others the things which they did not possess, and for this purpose, money was used and invented: and therefore, to hoard up money, is most certainly an abuse of it, and tends very much to the prejudice of society.

The miser is a disadvantage to society, because he drains the public of their money, and buys with it none of the necessities or conveniences of life. His lank and meagre countenance are indisputable proofs that the butcher or the baker do not often pass his threshold; his foul linen and the tattered rags which he means to

cover him, sufficiently indicate that he is not the best customer of the washerwoman or the taylor; and his half washed face and hands plainly tell us that the soap-boiler is no friend of his; while his holey stockings and miserable hat proclaim his aversion to the hosier and hatter.

That misers stop at nothing but paying or spending money, every newspaper records the murders and the thefts that are committed on the unwary traveller, to procure his money. Every country can testify the fatal effects which rapine and extortion have produced in most men; we see more or less the influence of corruption; and shew me the man who has escaped the tricks and the arts ever practising by fraud.

After the effects produced by it to society, we must consider its baneful influence on the more private actions of a family. Suppose, merely for the sake of illustration, a miser had two sons: he trains them up after his own manner; but the constraint he puts upon them makes them rob him, or, if they cannot him, others, or produces the fatal effects I shall mention, at his death. The miser not being able to think upon the loss of his money, cannot endure the thoughts of making a will, and dies without one. The sons, immediately estranged to every generous principle, proceed to take possession of the property, and it is almost unnecessary to remark the end, for the quarrel, which always ensues, either terminates their lives, or mars for ever their happiness and peace: nay, it

goes further, the friends of each party take the side they think just, and the result is bloodshed or a farewell to their future repose.

With regard to the person himself, it produces neither pleasure nor happiness to him, but, on the contrary, unknown torture and unhappiness; for what comfort either of body or mind can that man possess to whom every breath of wind is an object of horror, and who starts with fear at the noise his own motion occasions.

I have given, I think, the only reason in favor of the miser, and some of the principal ones against him, I shall now do the same with regard to the prodigal.

The reason which makes some people conclude the prodigal has the advantage, is, that other persons are benefitted by his extravagance, as it employs our tradespeople. Was this always, or indeed generally the case, I should have little hesitation in declaring that prodigality was the less evil of the two; but, alas! melancholy experience bids us affirm this is not the case: almost every tradesman can tell of heavy losses he has sustained by the extravagance of others, and every gaol publishes to the world that extravagance has placed most of its inhabitants in that miserable and deserved situation; and that numbers are there, because they cannot get paid by the spendthrift the just desert of their labours. Another reason that is sometimes urged in favor of the prodigal is, that when he has reduced himself and family to beggary, instances have been known of their

reform. History records, and our experience will attest the truth of this assertion ; but neither history nor experience inform us of a miser changing his disposition, and enjoying in mediocrity the comforts of life.

The arguments against prodigality are so numerous and forcible that it would be wasting time to name them. I shall therefore only observe, that drunkenness, gaming, and indeed most of the vices of the present day are the children of prodigality. That theft, murder, and the gallows are often, nay mostly, the attendants of this most destructive vice, and premature old age and disease are the certain fruits of it.

The wish to be happy is the pursuit of every man ; and there are so many paths, all commencing in one point, and closing in another, which are trodden by the people of this world, that it would be impossible to name them : one pursues the path of riches, another the path of prodigality, and experience tells us they both are equally wide from the object of their pursuit.

If it were possible we should one day be necessitated to practice either of these two vices, it would then be a matter of great consequence which side I should take ; but as I stated in the beginning, the object of this question being to prevent our practising either, it is of but little importance my giving one. Upon the whole then, my friends, since we have seen that neither the miser nor the prodigal are happy in themselves or useful to society, let us shun them

both, for I am sure I may say, without the least fear of saying what is untrue, that prodigality, on the one hand, and avarice, on the other, will (if allowed to bear us away without resistance, and if the Almighty allows us to proceed without receiving our deserved punishment) cause us to commit every crime against which there are laws either civil or divine.

On this important question, I am unable to give a decided opinion; and, with many thanks for the candor with which I have been heard, I beg leave to conclude with the following lines of Horace :

Nor knows our youth of noblest race
To mount the manag'd steed, or urge the chace:
More skilled in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling torque or law-forbidden dice.
And yet, his worthless heir to raise
To hasty wealth, the perjurd sire betrays
His partners, co-heirs, and his friends,
But while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possest,
There's something wanting still, to make him
blest.

Oh that some patriot wise and good
Would stop this impious thirst for civil blood !
And joy, on statute to behold
His name, the father of the state, enroll'd.
Oh, let him quell our spreading shame,
And live to latest times an honor'd name.

ODE XXIV. LIB. 3.

Islington, April 2, 1803.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

SOLUTION.

ENIGMA in our last.—A Num.

ENIGMAS FOR SOLUTION.

1.

My sublunary dwelling-place
Not far from London lies ;
Yet oft th' admiring eye can trace
My path-way thro' the skies.

The messenger of death from me
Flies with resistless force ;
With me each vessel, on the sea,
Pursues its trackless course.

In various forms and colours drest,
I oft adorn the fair ;
With fiddlers I'm a constant guest :
Now, youths, my name declare.

2.

My first is an army, you'll find,
My next before honesty goes :
My whole, when together combin'd,
A pledge of sincerity shews.

3.

From a certain description of beer,
Take a letter, 'twill quickly appear,
What in winter is oftentimes told,
To amuse both the young and the old,
Take one letter more, and you'll see
What frequently heightens their glee,

ESCAPE OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH FROM FRANCE.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

A SKETCH of the *Life of Sir Sidney Smith* being the first piece of biography I wrote for your miscellany, at the time of his return from France, I now send you the particulars of his *wonderful escape* from the Temple, where he had undergone the most rigorous confinement. These particulars are taken from 'The Stranger in France, by John Carr, Esq.' a work not only elegantly written, but replete with information. The perusal of its contents has afforded me uncommon pleasure.

I remain, gentlemen,

Your's, &c.

Islington,

JOHN EVANS.

July 21, 1803.

FROM the legislative assembly (says Mr. C.) I went to pay my respects to the gallant Capt. Bergeret, to whom I had letters of introduction. It will be remembered, that this distinguished hero, in the *Virginie*, displayed the most undaunted courage, when she was engaged by Sir Edward Pellew, in the *Indefatigable*, to whose superior prowess and naval knowledge, he was obliged to strike the tricolour flag. His bravery and integrity have justly entitled him to the admiration and lasting friendship of his

noble conqueror, and to the esteem of the British nation. When Sir Sidney Smith was confined in the Temple, and Capt. Bergeret a prisoner in England, the latter was sent to France upon his parole, to endeavour to effect the exchange of Sir Sidney. The French government, which was then under the direction of some of the basest and meanest of her tyrants, refused to listen to the proposal, and at the same time resisted the return of their own countryman.

The gallant Bergeret was resolved to preserve his word of honor unsullied, or to perish in the attempt. Finding all his efforts to obtain the liberation of the illustrious captive unavailing, menaced with death if he departed, and invited by promised command and promotion if he remained, he contrived to quit his own country by stealth, and returned a voluntary exile to his generous and confiding conquerors.

From Captain B——'s hotel I went to the Temple, so celebrated in the gloomy history of the revolution. It stands in the Rue du Temple, in the Fauxbourg of that name. The entrance is handsome, and does not much impress the idea of the approach to a place of such confinement. Over the gates is a pole, supporting a dirty and tattered bonnet rouge, of which species of republican decoration there are very few now to be seen in Paris. The door was opened to me by the principal gaoler, whose predecessor had been dismissed on account of his imputed connivance in the escape of Sir Sidney Smith. His appearance seemed fully to qualify him for

his savage office, and to insure his superiors against all future apprehension of a remission of duty by any act of humanity, feeling, or commiseration. He told me that he could not permit me to advance beyond the lodge, on account of a peremptory order which he had just received from government. From this place I had a full command of the walk and prison, the latter of which is situated in the centre of the walls. He pointed out to me the window of the room in which the royal sufferers languished. As the story of Sir Sidney Smith's escape from this prison has been involved in some ambiguity, a short recital of it will perhaps not prove uninteresting.

After several months had rolled away since the gates of his prison had first closed upon the British hero, he observed that a lady who lived in an upper apartment on the opposite side of the street, seemed frequently to look towards that part of the prison in which he was confined. As often as he observed her, he played some tender air upon his flute, by which, and by imitating every motion which she made, he at length succeeded in fixing her attention upon him, and had the happiness of remarking that she occasionally observed him with a glass.— One morning when he saw that she was attentively looking upon him in this manner, he tore a blank leaf from an old mass-book which was lying in his cell, and with the soot of the chimney, contrived, by his finger, to describe upon it, in a large character, the letter A, which he held to the window to be viewed by his fair

sympathizing observer. After gazing upon it for some little time, she nodded, to shew that she understood what he meant, Sir Sidney then touched the top of the first bar of the grating of his window, which he wished her to consider as the representative of the letter, the second B, and so on, until he had formed, from the top of the bars, a corresponding number of letters; and by touching the middle and bottom parts of them, upon a line with each other, he easily, after having inculcated the first impression of his wishes, completed a telegraphic alphabet. The process of communication was, from its nature, very slow, but Sir Sidney had the happiness of observing, upon forming the first word, that this excellent being, who beamed before him like a guardian angel, seemed completely to comprehend it, which she expressed by an assenting movement of the head. Frequently obliged to desist from this tacit and tedious intercourse, from the dread of exciting the curiosity of the gaolers, or his fellow prisoners, who were permitted to walk before his window, Sir Sidney occupied several days in communicating to his unknown friend his name and quality, and imploring her to procure some unsuspected royalist of consequence and address sufficient for the undertaking, to effect his escape; in the achievement of which he assured her, upon his word of honor, that whatever cost might be incurred, would be amply reimbursed, and that the bounty and gratitude of his country would nobly remunerate those who had the talent and bravery to accomplish it. By the

same means he enabled her to draw confidential and accredited bills for considerable sums of money, for the promotion of the scheme, which she applied with the most perfect integrity.

Colonel Phelipeaux was at this time at Paris; a military man of rank, and a secret royalist, most devoutly attached to the fortunes of the exiled family of France, and to those who supported their cause. He had been long endeavouring to bring to maturity a plan for facilitating their restoration, but which the loyal adherent, from a series of untoward and uncontrollable circumstances, began to despair of accomplishing. The lovely deliverer of Sir Sidney applied to this distinguished character, to whom she was known, and stated the singular correspondence which had taken place between herself and the heroic captive in the Temple. Phelipeaux, who was acquainted with the fame of Sir Sidney, and chagrined at the failure of his former favorite scheme, embraced the present project with a sort of prophetic enthusiasm, by which he hoped to restore to the British nation one of her greatest heroes, who, by his skill and valour, might once more impress the common enemy with dismay, augment the glory of his country, and cover himself with the laurels of future victory.

Intelligent, active, cool, daring, and insinuating, Col. Phelipeaux immediately applied himself to bring to maturity a plan at once suitable to his genius, and interesting to his wishes. To those whom it was necessary to employ up-

on the occasion, he contrived to unite one of the clerks of the minister of the police, who forged his signature with exact imitation, to an order for removing the body of Sir Sidney, from the Temple to the prison of the Conciergerie: after this was accomplished, on the day after that on which the inspector of gaols was to visit the Temple and Conciergerie, a ceremony which is performed once a month in Paris, two gentlemen of tried courage and address, who were previously instructed by Col. Phelipeaux, disguised as officers of *marechausse*, presented themselves in a *fiacre* at the Temple, and demanded the delivery of Sir Sidney, at the same time showing the forged order for his removal. This the gaoler attentively perused and examined, as well as the minister's signature.—Soon after the register of the prison informed Sir Sidney of the order of the directory, upon hearing which, he at first appeared to be a little disconcerted, upon which the pseudo-officers gave him every assurance of the honor and mild intentions of the government towards him, Sir Sidney seemed more reconciled, packed up his clothes, took leave of his fellow-prisoners, and distributed little tokens of his gratitude to those servants of the prison from whom he had experienced indulgence. Upon the eve of their departure, the register observed, that four of the prison guard should accompany them. This arrangement menaced the whole plan with immediate dissolution. The officers, without betraying the least emotion, acquiesced in the propriety of the measure, and gave orders for

the men to be called out, when, as if recollecting the rank and honor of their illustrious prisoner, one of them addressed Sir Sidney, by saying, "Citizen, you are a brave officer, give us your parole, and there is no occasion for an escort." Sir Sidney replied, that he would pledge his faith, as an officer, to accompany them, without resistance, wherever they chose to conduct them.

Not a look or movement betrayed the intention of the party. Every thing was cool, well-timed and natural. They entered a *fiacre*, which, as is usual, was brought for the purpose of removing him, in which he found changes of clothes, false passports, and money. The coach moved with an accustomed pace to the Faux-borg St. Germain, where they alighted, and parted in different directions. Sir Sidney met Col. Phelipeaux at the appointed spot of rendezvous.

The project was so ably planned and conducted, that no one but the party concerned was acquainted with the escape until near a month had elapsed, when the inspector paid his next periodical visit. What pen can describe the sensations of two such men as Sir Sidney and Phelipeaux, when they first beheld each other in safety? Heaven befriended the generous and gallant exploit. Sir Sidney and his noble friend reached the French coast wholly unsuspected, and committed themselves to their God and to the protective genius of brave men, put to sea in an open boat, and were soon afterwards discovered by an English cruising fri-

gate, and brought in safety to the British shores.

The gallant Phelipeaux soon afterwards accompanied Sir Sidney in the Tiger to Acre, where, overwhelmed by the fatigue of that extraordinary campaign, in which he supported a distinguished part, and the noxious influence of a sultry climate, operating upon a delicate frame, he expired in the arms of his illustrious friend, who attended him to his grave, and shed the tears of gratitude and friendship over his honored and lamented obsequies. But ere the dying Phelipeaux closed his eyes, he received the rewards of his generous enterprize: he beheld the repulsed legions of the republic flying before the British banners and the irresistible prowess of his valiant companion; he beheld the distinguished being, whom he had thus rescued from a dungeon and impending destruction, by an act of almost romantic heroism, covered with the unparticipated glory of having overpowered a leader, who, renowned, and long accustomed to conquest, saw, for the first time, his *invincible troops* give way; who, inflamed to desperation, deemed the perilous exposure of his person necessary, to rally them to the contest, over bridges of their slaughtered comrades, but who at length was obliged to retire from the field of battle, and to leave to the heroic Sir Sidney the exclusive exultation of announcing to his grateful and elated country that he had fought and vanquished the laurelled conqueror of Italy and the bold invader of Egypt.

Sir Sidney has no vices to conceal behind his spreading and imperishable laurels. His public character is before the approving world. That peace, which his sword has accelerated, has afforded us an undisturbed opportunity of admiring his achievements in the field, and of contemplating his conduct in the retired avenues of private life, in which his deportment is without a stain. In him there is every thing to applaud, and nothing to forgive.

Yet thus glorious in public, and thus unsullied in private, the conqueror of Bonaparte, and the saviour of the east, owes the honors, which he adorns, to foreign and distant powers.

To the *grateful* government of his own country he is indebted for an ungracious paltry annuity, inadequate to the display of ordinary consequence, and wholly unequal to the suitable support of that dignity, which ought for ever to distinguish such a being from the mass of mankind.

The enemies of Sir Sidney (adds Mr. Carr), for envy furnishes every great man with his quota of such indirect eulogists, if they should honor these pages with a perusal, may, perchance, endeavour to trace the approving warmth with which I have spoken of him, to the enthusiasm of a friendship dazzled and indiscriminating; but I beg to assure them, that the fame of Sir Sidney is better known to me than his person, and that his noble qualities have alone excited the humble tribute which is here

offered to one, for whom delighted nature, in
the language of our immortal bard,

“ ——— might stand up,
and say to all the world, *this is a man!*”

FIRST FESTIVAL OF THE ROYAL JENNERIAN SOCIETY.

Held on the 17th of May, 1803,

To commemorate the Birth-Day of Dr. Edward
Jenner.

AT five o'clock about 300 noblemen and
gentlemen assembled at the Crown and
Anchor tavern, in the Strand, to partake of an
elegant dinner, under the direction of the fol-
lowing stewards:

Earl of Egremont, Lord Carrington, Right
Hon. the Lord Mayor, Sir Walter Farquhar,
Bart. John Coakley Lettsom, M. D. Thomas
Baring, Esq. Henry Cilne, Esq. Henry Hoare,
Esq. Robert Thornton, Esq. John Furnell Tuf-
sen, Esq. William Vaughan, Esq. David Pike
Watts, Esq.

After dinner, *Non nobis, Domine*, was deli-
vered in a grand style; which was succeeded
by,

1. “The King, the patron of the society;”
and immediately a song in grand chorus,

God save the King, succeeded by

2. “The Queen, the patroness of the So-
ciety.”

3. “His Royal Highness the Prince of
Wales, and the other royal vice-patrons and
patronesses.”

The chairman, Lord Egremont, then read a letter from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the Earl of Berkeley, in answer to an application to his Royal Highness to honor the anniversary by taking the chair, which is so characteristic of his Royal Highness's good sense and just discernment, that we presume to gratify the public with a copy :

Carlton-House, May 14, 1803.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"THE Prince of Wales has commanded me to assure your lordship of the great pleasure and satisfaction he should personally feel in taking the chair at the Jennerian Society, were it not that it had been adjudged contrary to etiquette in his Royal Highness's station to do so; that he had been obliged to decline the application of several great and national institutions on similar occasions.

"The Prince additionally regrets the strictness of this etiquette, because in the enthusiastic admiration he feels for so valuable a discovery, his Royal Highness cannot but combine the highest esteem for the worth and character of its respectable author.

"I have the honor to remain, my dear lord, with great respect and regard,

"Your obliged and faithful servant,

"J. MC. MAHON,

"*Earl of Berkeley, &c. &c.*

4. "The health of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales," which was drunk with the

more enthusiasm, being also her Royal Highness's birth-day.

5. "The Navy of Great Britain."

This was received with long and reiterated plaudits, and encouraged by an appropriate speech from the chairman, who observed, that the society was founded in an auspicious moment, when we were upon the eve of war, which would be more than compensated by the number of lives saved to the community by the extension of the cow-pock, which he aptly illustrated by comparing its success to the nature of a sinking fund of useful subjects saved to the nation; this produced the popular song of

"Rule, Britannia."

6. "The Army of Great Britain," was received with great ardor, and followed by

"Britons, strike home."

7. "The Duke of Bedford, president of the society."

8. "DR. JENNER."

This toast was received with an impressive enthusiasm we never before witnessed. After the room was ready to burst with re-echoing of repeated plaudits, Dr. Jenner attempted to speak; but Lord Gwydir repeating the toast which Lord Egremont had previously given, the loudest acclamations ensued, and reverberated from every part of the room for a considerable period before Dr. Jenner could be heard, when he modestly expressed his grateful feelings for the honor and approbation he had experienced, from the sovereign on the throne to his subjects in every department of the em-

pire. Overcome and oppress as he appeared to be with the unanimous and distinguished approbation of the company, he had confessed that he had not words to express the gratitude of his heart, or the extent of happiness they had conferred; an equal, and if possible, a superior degree of which he wished might fill the bosom of every individual present, and of every friend of humanity throughout the universe.

After repeated and loud applauses had succeeded this address, T. F. Dibdin, Esq. late of St. John's college, Oxford, delivered the following speech:

" Mr. Chairman,

" We are met to celebrate, on this day, the triumph of vaccination, the birth of its founder. Let joy and benevolence reign unbounded in our bosoms!

" Gentlemen, it is needless to describe to you, in glowing colours, the ravages of that horrid disease, which has deprived many of us of parents, relations, or friends.—You yourselves have witnessed its progress—have witnessed the disasters which seldom fail to attend it.—Let us exult in the consoling reflection, that its terrors are shortly to cease. To Dr. Jenner, and to every medical gentleman present, worthy associates in the cause, we owe this peculiar blessing, which now seems diffused to almost every civilized part of the globe. Without presumption, therefore, we may conclude that it has been directed by the interposition of Heaven.

" Gentlemen, I stated to you that the small

pox was about to take its departure from suffering humanity; yes, like the shades of night before the morn, it has hid its abhorred face, and fled the presence of Vaccina! From the Severn to the Ganges, the mild virtues of the cow-pock have been seen, felt, and acknowledged; along the shores of Asia, in the cot of the Hindoo, and in the temple of the Bramin, it has been contemplated with rapture, and cherished with adoration! This enlightened country, this glorious island (for glorious it will be, in spite of every effort of a proud and implacable foe), has given birth to a blessing which has operated to the preservation of thousands. Happy thought! consoling reflection! We are now assembled under the sanction of a monarch, who, with his royal offspring, have dignified the institution with their patronage; and we have also to boast of the support of some of the brightest characters in the realm. When I look to the chair, I see, with peculiar satisfaction, how our feast is ennobled.*

“Gentlemen, we shall live to view a rising generation of beauty and perfection: the son preserved to his father, the daughter inheriting the bloom and loveliness of her mother—the tear of sorrow about to be wiped away, and the pang of premature death no longer to be felt! What prospects are these to contemplate! What joy and consolation ought they not to infuse!

“Let us, therefore, friends and countrymen,

* The Earl of Egremont in the chair.

indulge a fervent wish for the preservation of that life which has been instrumental to such blessings ; and let us hope that time itself shall cease ere the name of Jenner be forgotten !”

After the warm and repeated plaudits which succeeded began to subside, the chairman proposed

9. “ Success to the Royal Jennerian Society, and to the extermination of the small-pox !”

This was likewise received by loud and enthusiastic applauses, and was followed by an Address to Dr. Jenner, on his Birth-day, written and recited by Isaac Brandon, Esq.*

Here the enthusiasm of the company again burst forth, with acclamations of every voice in the room, till Dr. Bradley addressed the company with an elegantly condensed history of the progress of vaccine inoculation ; and particularly alluded to the success of Dr. de Carro, of Vienna, in transmitting the cow-pock, by the route of Bussora, to India, where the small-pox had broke out among the Gentoos, the believers in Brahma, among whom nearly nine out of ten persons fell victims to this dreadful disease. The Brahmins, who venerate the cow as a sacred animal, received the cow-pock with religious zeal ; and the pious Gentoos were thus preserved by the opportune arrival of this providential blessing. The same means had been extended to Ceylon, and 7,000 lives had already been saved by the introduction of the cow-pock.

* See our Parnassian Garland, in the present No.

Dr. Bradley's health was then drunk by the company, with thanks for his valuable remarks.

Benjamin Travers, Esq. one of the earliest institutors of the Royal Jennerian Society, now proposed the health of, with thanks to, "Lord Egremont, the noble chairman." He expatiated, in an elegant speech, on his lordship's public and private virtues, which led him, although exempted, by his rank and fortune, from feeling the wants of the poor, to devote his patronage and purse to mitigate their miseries and to promote their comforts. He then delivered a most impressive eulogy on the views and the probable success of the Jennerian Institution, and congratulated the company on the heartfelt satisfaction they would experience in reflecting upon the millions they would prove the means of saving, by persevering in the laudable work they had begun; thus imitating their great Master, who declared, that "he came into the world, not to take away men's lives, but to save."

His lordship returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him, in placing him in a station which ought to have been filled by one of the royal vice-patrons. He rejoiced in the success of the society, which he compared as a sinking-fund of population and strength to the state.

Robert Thornton, Esq. M. P. drank to the vice-presidents. With this toast he united the vice-patronesses; observing that, by the virtuous union of the sexes, subjects of vaccine inoculation would ever be afforded to exercise the talents of a society, which would tend to save

more lives than even the losses by war would occasion.

The Earl of Berkeley, as one of the vice-presidents, returned thanks to the distinguished commoner who proposed the toast ; and hoped that the union he recommended would ever prove productive to the individuals, and prosperous to the nation.

Lord Carrington, as one of the vice-presidents, also addressed the company, and paid many elegant compliments on the character and virtues which distinguished the noble vice-patronesses.

When the Board of Directors was proposed as a toast from the chair, John Towell Rutt, Esq. in an animated speech, gave an account of the formation and progress of the society, and rejoiced in the gratification it afforded them, in witnessing its unparalleled utility and success.

Then followed the thanks to the Medical Council, to which Dr. Denman returned an appropriate speech, which was followed by the chairman's drinking to

"The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Benjamin Travers, Esq. and John Julius Angerstein, Esq."

This again called up Mr. Travers, who expatiated with his usual animation on the rapid formation of a society, which in six months had acquired the highest splendor, confirmed by the appearance of one of the most numerous and respectable meetings ever convened together ; and whose sublime object, joined to the united

endeavours of so many illustrious characters, afforded the bright prospect of being crowned with success. He concluded with highly complimenting Dr. John Walker, the resident physician of the society's central house, who early united in the formation of the institution, and, before its establishment, had devoted his time and attention to gratuitous inoculation; and, after proposing his health, the doctor rose, and hinted at his success in stopping the progress of the small-pox, which had broke out in the army and navy with Gen. Abercrombie in the Mediterranean, as well as in Malta, Palermo, and Egypt, which he effected by means of the cow-pock.

The chairman next proposed "the health of Dr. Wm. Woodville, and the rest of the friends of the cow-pock (for the extermination of the small-pox) in every part of the world."

This called up Dr. Lettson, who informed the company that Dr. Woodville had just left the room; and, in his absence, he would offer some remarks upon the doctor's distinguished and independent conduct. In consequence of being at the head of the hospital for the small-pox and inoculation, his experience was deemed so superior to every other medical practitioner, as to induce the first professional men to consultation upon every difficult and important case, as being decidedly the most competent to the subject. He had, nevertheless, as soon as the cow-pock was promulgated by Dr. Jenner, embraced the discovery, and encouraged it in his public and private capacity, and had proba-

bly inoculated more persons with it, in his public situation, than any other individual, Dr. Jenner excepted; and had thus, with great disinterestedness, sacrificed the extensive prospects of private emolument to public good. At this time, of the multitude who applied to him at the Small-pox Hospital, only two patients were in the hospital under the small-pox, and not one for several weeks previously, which might be ascribed to his successful exertions in promoting the cow-pock. Among other friends to vaccine inoculation, Dr. Lettsom could not pass by Dr. De Carro, of Vienna, who had forwarded the cow-pock to India; and particularly to Dr. Waterhouse,* the Jenner of America, who first introduced it into that hemisphere. He concluded this animated address with an eulogy to the faculty, who had unanimously united their endeavours to exterminate the small-pox, one of the most lucrative sources of emolument; and elucidated this independent conduct by remarking, that, as about 3,000 persons had died annually in London by the small-pox, it might be calculated that 30,000 persons must have been attacked with this disease; and admitting

* Dr. Jenner sent to Dr. Waterhouse a silver box, inlaid with gold, of exquisite taste and workmanship, with this inscription, "Edward Jenner to Benjamin Waterhouse;" but Mr. King, the mutual friend of the kindred physicians, who had the care of forwarding this valuable present, annexed this superscription: "From the Jenner of the old world to the Jenner of the new world."

that each might devote for medical aid only three guineas, the sum of 90,000 guineas would thus be sacrificed by the faculty at the altar of public good. He apologized, as a professional man, for offering such an eulogy for an unparalleled disinterestedness; but he trusted that his period of life would exempt him from any censure on this ground.

Toward the close of the evening, Lord Egremont withdrew; and Dr. Jenner, who sat at his right hand during the day, accepted the chair, and preserved to a late hour rational conviviality, chastened and refined by the sublime sentiment of rescuing from the grave more human beings than ever was suggested by the warmest imagination, could possibly result from the institution of any other society, in the records of history or time: a sentiment rendered still more highly gratifying by the presence in the chair, on the present auspicious occasion, of that man, without whose discovery the society would not have existed, and by which millions of rising generations, upon whom the future must necessarily depend, are saved to enrich the state, to implore blessings on the discoverer, no less distinguished for his amiable and endearing manners, than for the modesty and humility with which he has received the applause and gratitude of an admiring world, and which cannot but inspire every virtuous heart with pious adoration of that Supreme Power, which hath vouchsafed in mercy to dispense the means of preserving mankind from the most mortal disease that ever visited the children of men.



—
VELUTI IN SPECULUM.
—

—
THE DRAMA.
—

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

=====

HAY-MARKET.

AMONG the new, and we may add, successful candidates for theatrical fame who have appeared on these boards since our last, is a Mr. Taylor, from Bath, in the vocal line, and Mr. Grove, in the comic line. These gentlemen will, no doubt prove themselves an acquisition to the manager.

No novelty since the wretched Mrs. Wiggins has been produced till Monday, the 25th inst. when was performed, for the first time, a comic opera, in two acts, called, *Love laughs at Locksmiths*; the music by Mr. Kelly, and the dialogue, we will venture to say, by Mr. Colman. It is founded upon a French piece, but

not slavishly translated. Though upon the hacknied subject of a guardian locking up his ward, which reminds us of *The Padlock*, &c. and which is followed by *A bold Stroke for a Wife*, yet some curious and novel incidents are introduced. Vigil, the guardian, is a painter in London. Brisk, a comic servant (admirably performed by Mr. Grove), gets admittance into the house as a country lad, and consequently introduces his master, an officer, who restores the lady to liberty.

The best incident is the letting down of a letter by a string of ribbons, which the ward contrives, in hopes of meeting a deliverer. The guardian sees and takes the letter, but, while reading it to the steward, the lover, who is secretly behind him, listens, and writes an answer, which, as desired, he pins to the ribbon. The postscript to the letter desires one loud clap of the hand, as a signal for drawing up the ribbon: this the lover and his servant cannot give without discovering themselves; however, the steward, while warmly debating with the guardian, strikes his hands together, with an exclamation, "That's flat!" and the answer is accordingly drawn up. The music is excellent, and almost all the songs were encored—the dialogue sprightly and witty. In short, it is an entertainment that will always give pleasure. The characters were well supported. It requires, however, considerable curtailment, being too long by *half an hour*, particularly when performed after the *Heir at Law*, &c.

PREVAILING FASHIONS OF THE PRESENT
DAY.

(With an Engraving.)

Promenade Dresses.—Robe of white muslin, with a train petticoat; the robe trimmed with Chambray muslin; the sleeves plain with full epaulets of the same muslin. A small straw hat trimmed with pea-green ribbons.—Plain robe of white muslin with frock sleeves, drawn plain round the bosom; a lace shirt; hat of yellow satin plaited with black ribbon, and turned up all round, with a yellow feather to fall over the left side.—Dress of blue Chambray muslin made high in the neck with a collar; long sleeves from the elbow to the wrist of white muslin. Hat of white chip with a silk band, and ornamented with orange-coloured leaves in front.—Plain dress of white muslin. Bonnet of pink and white silk ornamented with a flower. Shawl with a pea-green border: the head ornamented with an embroidered veil.—Dress of buff Chambray muslin with a white silk collar drawn down in puffs, the epaulets very full and drawn up to correspond with the bosom, the back made plain with white silk frogs.—Robe of lilac cambric sarsnet, shewing the front of the last dress.—The hair dressed and ornamented with cameos.—Dress of thin muslin, with a drapery fastened on the left side, trimmed with lace; the sleeves of white silk ornamented with beads. The hair dressed with a cameo.

General Observations.—The prevailing colours are lilac, pink, blue, and pea-green. Small round straw hats, and others of men's shapes are the most favourite, ornamented with flowers or white veils. White cloaks of all shapes are very general, but the prevailing is the long Spanish cloak which reaches nearly to the ground.

The British Traveller.

NO. 13.

BRIGHTON.

"Fashion in every thing bears solemn sway
And words and public haunts" have each their day;

CONVINCED as we are that England alone (without travelling into foreign climes) is capable of furnishing us with sufficient objects for our admiration and astonishment, we shall draw the attention of our readers to a description of that fashionable place of resort called Brighton: not at all doubting but it will excite sufficient interest to entitle it to a place under this head.

This place, which in the memory of our grand-mothers was only a little insignificant town, on a corner of the coast little frequented, is now become fashionable, elegant, and universally known. Till lately it had the name of Brighthelmstone; but, like low persons ris-

ing to eminence, who are often ashamed of their origin, it has now assumed the title of Brighton, which certainly has a more genteel sound, and "passes trippingly o'er the tongue."

Taking the road through Ryegate, which, being the nearest, is likely to be preferred by those who are in haste to reach this scene of pleasure, Brighton is only fifty-four miles distant from London, and, as the crow flies, it is not above forty-three. It is situated in $50^{\circ} 55'$ north latitude, and about 3. to the westward of the meridian of London, close by the sea, and gives name to a bay formed by Beachey Head on the east, and Worthing Point on the west. Its name is said to have been derived from Brighthelm, a Saxon bishop, who lived in this vicinity; but this is a point we do not pretend to discuss, convinced as we are that it is impossible to settle it, on any satisfactory evidence.

Brighton stands on an eminence which gently declines towards the south-east with a regular slope to the Steyne, a charming lawn so named; and from thence again rises with a moderate ascent to the eastward, along the Cliff to a considerable distance. It is protected from the north and north-easterly winds by an amphitheatrical range of hills, and on the west it has extensive corn-fields, which slope from the Downs towards the sea.

The hills round Brighton are of easy access, and covered with an agreeable verdure. From their summits, the Isle of Wight may be plain-

ly seen, with a pleasing view of the weald of Sussex. The soil is naturally dry, and the heaviest rains that fall here seldom prevent the exercise of walking or riding for any length of time after they have ceased; a circumstance not unworthy of regard, in a place of pleasurable attraction.

It must be allowed, indeed, that, independently of the celebrity it derives from its royal and noble visitors, no part of the kingdom enjoys a more salubrious air than this. It is considered as an extraordinary case for the natives or constant residents to be troubled with a cough, or any pulmonary complaint; and, hence it has been warmly recommended by medical men as a superior situation for the recovery or preservation of health. In cold weather it is sheltered by the hills from chilling blasts: in the hottest season of the year, the breezes from the sea are at once refreshing and salutary. The sea-water is very highly impregnated with salt, and the beach being a clean gravel and sand, with a gradual descent, is peculiarly favourable for bathing. Dr. Russel was very instrumental in bringing this place into fashionable notice, and it has since been adopted by personages, the best qualified by rank and fortune to keep up its fame and its consequence, which a variety of circumstances lead us to suppose are still likely to encrease.

Brighton, or rather Brighthelmstone, was formerly a fishing-town, and many of its inhabitants still depend principally on its fisheries for a subsistence. It contained at that period

seven principal streets, besides several lanes, and was defended by strong fortifications, having been several times attempted by the French, but without effect *. The ruins of walls are still to be seen on the beach under the Cliff, which appear to have been built by Queen Elizabeth. This wall was fourteen feet high, and extended 400 feet from the east to the west gate of the town. In 1758 the eastern gate, which had remained till that time, was taken down to allow space for constructing a battery, but this being demolished by the sea, two others have been erected, one on the east, and the other on the west of the town, in situations that will secure them from the annoyance of the waves. Both are mounted with heavy metal; and behind the western battery is a handsome house for the use of the gunner, with magazines and other appropriate offices.

* On the west side of the town, a great number of human bones have been found, whence it has been concluded that some important battle has been fought here, of which, however, we have no historical evidence. Many are of opinion that Cæsar, in one of his expeditions, landed at this place. Between Lewes and Brighton are still to be seen lines and entrenchments, which are apparently Roman; and, some years ago, an urn was dug up in this neighbourhood, containing 1000 silver denarii, on which were impressions of all the emperors, from Antoninus Pius to Philip. Druidical altars have also been discovered here.

(To be continued.)

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JULY, 1803.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

BY W. J. DENISON, ESQ.

YE gen'rous youths, who boast a Briton's name,
Alive to honor and the blush of shame,
Shall Gallia's slaves, who tremblingly obey
The haughty Corsican's relentless sway,
Who meanly cringe before his upstart throne,
Nor life nor liberty can call their own,
Dare to invade your smiling happy isle,
While lust and rapine at their victims smile !
Dare to insult you with their vengeful ire,
Menace your harvests and your towns with fire—
To wrest from you the sceptre of the main,
Who basely kiss their despot's iron chain !
Recal those heroes fam'd in days of old,
Your great forefathers, hardy, free, and bold ;
Recal those chiefs who nobly dar'd withstand
The base oppressors of their native land ;
Recal Caractacus's scythed car,
Who brav'd the terrors of a Cæsar's war ;

Recal great Alfred's wise and awful ghost,
 Recal great Wallace, in himself a host ;
 Recal the barons from fair Runnimede,
 Resolv'd to conquer, or resign'd to bleed ;
 Recal the triumphs of Eliza's reign,
 The scourge of Philip and of haughty Spain.
 Let not those chieftains in oblivion lie,
 Who oft have made the Gallic squadron's fly ;
 Who oft have made their trembling standards yield,
 And dy'd with gore the long-remember'd field.
 View your brave prince, with sable shield and
 lance,

Whose feats surpass the pages of romance ;
 When Poitiers rivall'd Cressy's far-fam'd plains,
 And hapless John almost forgot his chains.
 Let the Fifth Henry, drawn by fancy's hand,
 Lead on his martial and heroic band ;
 Let Agincourt each British heart inspire,
 And embryo patriots catch the warrior's fire.
 See your lov'd daughters, beauteous as the morn,
 A prey to infamy, to lust, and scorn ;
 See curst bastiles o'er ev'ry hamlet tower,
 See vengeful harpies glut their love of power ;
 See the poor peasant plunder'd of his all,
 And if he murmurs—meet the hostile ball !
 See your fair towns in desolation laid,
 And the fierce soldier to fresh carnage wade ;
 "Inur'd to blood and nurs'd in scenes of woe,"
 Your crafty, cruel, and vindictive foe,
 Steel'd 'gainst the pleasures of the social bowl,
 Or love's soft fires, that melt the raptur'd soul ;
 His callous heart no gen'rous passions swell,
 Within his breast remorse nor pity dwell.
 Go view at Jaffa (if you trust his word)
 The pris'ners murder'd by his faithless sword.
 Go view where Smith his daring feats display'd,
 His soldiers poison'd and his sick betray'd ;

Go view, when Alexandria found her grave,
His troops forbade ev'n helpless age to save ;
View brave Toussaint, transported cross the main,
Torn like a felon from Domingo's plain,
Torn from his home, his children, and his wife,
To close in fetters his eventful life.
View the apostate steal from Egypt's sands,
The base deserter of his vet'ran bands ;
His murd'rous dagger Pavia long shall weep,
He mocks their woes with " Death's eternal sleep."
His broken faith let plunder'd Venice tell :
View how Batavia, how Helvetia fell ;
Once bless'd like you, with all that life endears,
Abandon'd now to rapine, scorn, and tears.
Then, O my country ! must you feel the blow,
And be like others, in your turn brought low ?
Must you no more with gen'rous feeling beat,
Nor give misfortune a secure retreat ?
Must all your social charities expire,
And your proud commerce feed the fun'ral fire ?
Must you, renown'd for probity and laws,
Fam'd for your love of freedom's glorious cause,
Must you relapse to what you were before,
A conquer'd province and a barbarous shore ?
No—by those heroes once your boast and pride,
Who oft for you have conquer'd, bled, and died ;
By great Nassau, by Hampden's spotless shade,
By Bruce, whose laureltime can never fade ;
By Egypt's shores, and by Aboukir's wave,
By Abercrombie's much-lamented grave ;
By Howe, by Duncan, by St. Vincent's name,
By Wolfe's great spirit, and by Minden's fame ;
By that high honor, which you must bequeath,
By Sydney's scaffold, and by Russel's wreath ;
By the still pang indignant virtue feels,
By the firm spirit which the patriot steels :—
Come when he will, elate in frantic pride,
With vassal kingdoms crouching by his side ;

Deck'd with the pageantry of eastern state,
Tortur'd with restless and malignant hate ;
Drunk with success, array'd in hostile form,
Old England's genius fearless meets the storm.
Tho' prostrate senates their anath'ma's pour,
Tho' abject priests their impious flatt'ries show'r ;
Tho' dastard courts the gen'rous strife forbear,
The plunder'd dole of guiltless neighbours share ;
She spreads her ægis o'er a sinking world,
Firm and erect, while all in ruin's hurl'd ;
Calls her brave sons to grasp the shining spear,
Arrest the tyrant in his wild career ;
Calls her bold youth to train the martial steed,
Nod the plum'd helmet, and the phalanx lead ;
To grace the poet and historian's page,
Renown'd and honor'd to the latest age ;
Again to rival Blenheim's glorious plain,
While future Marlbro's equal trophies gain ;
Again immortalize in hist'ry's sight,
Boyne's rapid stream, or Calpe's tow'ring height.
Still shall your Nelsons guide the hardy tar,
Teach him to wield the thunders of your war ;
Extend the triumphs of your sea-girt isle,
From frozen Denmark to the sultry Nile.
Still shall your shores a safe retreat afford,
From the wide havoc of the Gallic sword ;
Grant an asylum to distress and woe,
And shield each sufferer from his ruthless foe.
Still shall your merchants distant seas explore,
And at your feet the wealth of India pour ;
Still shall your press, that bulwark of your laws,
Protect, as ever, injur'd virtue's cause ;
Admir'd, while envied, by surrounding slaves,
The dread of despots, and the scourge of knaves.
But if decreed by Heav'n, that fall we must,
And what it wills is ever right and just,
If doom'd to swell (ordain'd by angry fate)
This modern Attila's revengeful hate,

Then Europe's sun is set in endless night;
 Then faith, then honor wing their hasty flight,
 Then all the ties of social life are o'er,
 From Moscow's snows to fair Ausonia's shore.
 Then Gothic darkness spreads its baleful shade,
 Then art, then learning, laws, and freedom fade:
 For happier climes they hoist th' indignant sail,
 While savage force and anarchy prevail.
 While all the science polish'd Greece bestow'd,
 Of ev'ry muse the once admired abode—
 With all that genius, all that taste inspire,
 Sink in the flames to please a despot's ire,
 Long ere that moment let me meet my doom,
 Grant me, great God, the refuge of the tomb!

THE INVASION.

AT the sign of the George, a national set
 (It fell out on a recent occasion)
 A Briton, a Scot, and Hibernian were met,
 To discourse on the threaten'd invasion.

The liquor went round, and they jok'd and they
 laugh'd,
 Were quite pleasant, facetious, and hearty;
 To the health of their king flowing bumpers they
 quaff'd,
 With confusion to great Bonaparte.

Quoth John, " 'tis reported that snug little strait,
 Which runs between Calais and Dover,
 With a hop, step, and jump, that the consul
 elate,
 Intends in a trice to skip over.

" Let him try ev'ry cunning political stroke,
And devise ev'ry scheme that he's able ;
He'll find us as firm and as hard to be broke
As the bundle of sticks in the fable."

The Scot and Hibernian replied—" You are right,
Let him go the full length of his tether ;
When England, and Scotland, and Ireland unite,
They defy the whole world put together !"

VOX POPULI.

ON WAR.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, ONLY 15 YEARS OF AGE.

HARK ! I hear the god of war
Thundering in his iron car :
See his fiery coursers bound,
Hear his clanging arms resound !
Mark him toss his spear on high,
See his death-wing'd arrows fly !
The furies rise obedient to his will,
And death gigantic sounds his clarion shrill.
O'er all the field he spreads a carnage dread,
And fills the plains with dying and with dead :
Anger insane and malice lead the way,
Whilst 'loft in air their crimson banners play.
Mark yon hideous hellish band
Swiftly flying o'er the land,
Yelling with terrific voice,
Mountains echoing to the noise.
Fairest freedom wings her flight
From this offspring of the night.
'Tis raging famine, rapine, dire despair ;
I spy their waving black dishevell'd hair :
Just close behind the warlike car they fly,
And in their train floats sable misery !

From Erebus these horrid monsters come,
 Where rolls the Styx thro' the dark dreadful gloom.
 These are the attendants of the mighty god,
 These shew his name,
 These spread afar his fame,
 And tell his power abroad.
Finsbury-Place. H.

ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISHMEN.

A PATRIOTIC ODE,

To the Inhabitants of the United Kingdom,

ENGLISH, Scots, and Irishmen,
 All that are in valour's ken,
 Shield your king, and flock agen
 Where his sacred banners flee !
 Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 Frenchmen would the land devour :
 Will ye wait till they come o'er
 To give chains and slavery ?

Who would be a Frenchman's slave,
 Who would truckle to the knave ?
 Who would shun a glorious grave
 For worse than death—for infamy ?
 To see your liberties expire,
 Your temples smoke, your fleets on fire !
 That's a Frenchman's sole desire,
 That's your fate, or liberty !

Robb'd of all that sweetens life,
 Tranquil home, and happy wife ;
 Reeking from the villain's knife,
 Yonder harmless peasant see ;
 Prostrate near him on the heath,
 A ruin'd daughter gasps for breath !
 Frenchmen riot in their death—
 That to them's a luxury !

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts dear,
 All that virtue gives us here,
 Can your sons or lovers fear
 When Frenchmen threaten slavery?
 O, no! In hosts of volunteers,
 The genius of the isle appears!
 With dauntless breast, Britannia rears
 Her arm, and points to victory.

Irish, Scots, and Englishmen,
 All that worth and valour ken,
 Shield your king, and flock agen
 Where his sacred banners flee!
 Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 Frenchmen would the land devour;
 To arms! to arms! and make them cow'r,
 Or meet their certain destiny!

July, 1803.

M.

ADDRESS TO DR. JENNER,

On his Birth-day.

BY ISAAC BRANDON.

THE wreath of conquest and the voice of fame
 Have crown'd the warrior and proclaim'd his name:
 Say, what fair leaf shall bind the brow of those
 Whose gen'rous labours lessen human woes;
 Who wield no sword, who wake no orphan's tears,
 But snatch our infants from untimely biers?
 'Twin'd with the olive be that fragrant flow'r
 Whose sweets still live when it has spent its hour:
 For, like the rose, the guardians of mankind,
 Tho' sunk in death, shall leave their sweets behind!
 Round thee, O Jenner! let this garland blow,
 And, while it sweetly shades, still sweetly glow!

'Tis said, that bursting from the angry skies,
The lightning harmless o'er the laurel flies :
Then o'er that brow where peace and genius twine,
With brightest ray, may suns eternal shine !
Class'd in that roll where dwell the sons of mind,
Guardians of science, fathers of their kind,
Thy name shall live !—for immortality
Is worthy him whose bosom, beating high,
Lifts his mild shield that braves th' infectious breath,
And strikes the poison from the dart of death !
Weak is the praise my willing muse bestows,
When solemn science round her incense throws ;
When Britain's genius, turning from the field,
Traces thy name with triumph on her shield !
When grateful Europe strews her festive flowers,
And her fair groups come dancing from their
bowers !*

See prowling Indians fix'd at thy applause,
Trace thy vast gift from the Eternal Cause ;
With peals of rapture rend the "wond'ring air,"
Lay bare their arms, and mark thy glory there.†

* In several places on the continent festivals are annually celebrated in honor of the vaccine inoculation.

† Some chiefs of the Cherokee Indians attended the presidency of the united states of America. They had heard (as they expressed it that "the Great Spirit had gifted a white man, over the Great Water, with a power to prevent the small-pox." Eagerly enquiring, and being informed of the fact, they received the infection on their arms, and carried it into the midst of their tribes. It is a pleasing reflection that these untutored savages have spread it throughout their country, and that they are eminently expert in the practice of the new

Yet such there are, whose jealousy and hate*
Spread the quick lie, and groundless fears create :
But such is life ! to streams will reptiles run,
Insects will breed wherever warms the sun.
When genial spring with promise crowns the fruits,
See how the worm the gen'rous bough pollutes !
Tho' some few leaves the greedy spoiler tear,
The tree still pours its treasures on the air.
Almighty Egypt rais'd with giant hand
Its hallow'd Tentyris o'er its wond'rous land ;
Its 'learn'd walls' with ripen'd science hung,
Where ev'ry stone seems quicken'd with a tongue :
Four thousand years its awful brows have crown'd,
And stamp't them gods, who rear'd the mass profound :
Tho' rude barbarians lift the spoiling hand,
And here and there a column strew the land,
The godlike structure triumphs o'er their rage,
And hand its glories down from age to age !
Ah, turn from these ! Behold the mother's care !
Seek the child's crib, and gratitude is there ;
The parent's eye the tender tribute sheds,
As o'er the arm the mild contagion spreads :
'Tis there, philanthropist, thy worth is taught,
Jenner and mercy mingle in her thought !
As from rude chaos fair creation rose,
As from the bud th' expanding floweret blows,
As from dim night the beauteous morning springs,
And o'er the landscape spreads its purple wings :
From slumb'ring stone, the hand of Phidian fire
Shall Jenner call, and all the mass inspire !

inoculation ; they are preparing their rude but sincere presents to Dr. Jenner, a token at once of their admiration and their gratitude.

* This allusion extends only to those, who from envy, self-interest, or hatred of innovation, diffuse falsehood to retard the progress of improvement.

Come, heav'nly sculpture, with Promethean eye!
Thy kindling chisel o'er the marble ply!
As the fond tendril twines the shelt'ring tree,
Let babes cling smiling round their Jenner's knee:
Tow'rd his fond looks, where mildness reigns serene,
With lifted gaze, each artless face is seen,
The sunder'd lips, the cherub eye intent,
The pause of fondness, and the still content.
Then sweetly shape, with all thy softest powers,
The grateful mother, offering fruits and flowers:
Could breath be moulded by thy beauteous art,
From the rais'd breast the cherish'd sigh should start!
And, could thy hand the feeling tear controul,
The silent blessing down her cheek should roll.
Beneath his feet let cypress boughs be seen,
And venom'd nettles wither'd lie between:
Nor round his brow forgotten be the wreath,
Where shades the olive, and the roses breathe.
O had thy talents with the scourge* been born,
How many eyes had yet beheld the morn!
No horrid fretwork had destroy'd thy face,
Where Guido's genius might have sought for grace!
No taint had blasted nature's fair design,
Sapt all the blood, and curs'd a future line!
Hearts that were broken had been saved by thee!
But selfish glory blesses the decree
That gave to us the honor of thy birth!
May hoary time long crown thy hallow'd worth!
As glides the brook at evening tranquil close,
So flow thy days, the mirror of repose!
May blooming health embow'r thy calm retreat,
May joys domestic shed their influence sweet,
With glowing love, affection's gentle rage,
The throng'd respect that crowds the couch of age!
And future nations, when thou seek'st the skies,
Shall own thy genius bade their myriads rise!

* Small-pox.

THE CAST-AWAY.

(Founded upon an Anecdote in Anson's Voyage.)

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

OBSCUREST night involv'd the sky,
Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destin'd wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all, bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom we went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her, again.

Not long beneath the 'whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay,
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away ;
But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted : nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their out-cast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford,
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow.
But he, they knew, nor ship, nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
 Their haste himself condemn ;
 Aware that flight, in such a sea,
 Alone could rescue them ;
 Yet bitter felt it still to die
 Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld :
 And so long he, with unspent pow'r,
 His destiny repell'd ;
 And ever, as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cry'd " Adieu !"

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
 Had heard his voice in ev'ry blast,
 Could catch the sound no more.
 For then, by toil subdu'd, he drank
 The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page
 Of narrative sincere,
 That tells his name, his worth, his age
 Is wet with Anson's tear.
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date ;
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its 'semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone,
 When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
 We perish'd, each alone ;
 But I, beneath a rougher sea,
 And 'whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he.

Literary Review.

The Stranger in France, or a Tour from Devonshire to Paris; illustrated by Engravings in Aqua Tinta of Sketches taken on the Spot. By John Carr, Esq.

THIS work is dedicated to Wm. Hayley, Esq. a name familiar and dear to every elegant and polished mind. The author speaks of it as the humble result of a short relaxation from the duties of an anxious and laborious profession.

The tourist embarked at Southampton, with a company of emigrants, and landed at Havre, where he was detained for some days, by the want of a passport, from going into the interior of the country. At length he proceeds on his way to Paris, describes the places on the roads, and then entertains the reader with a number of anecdotes respecting the metropolis of the French republic. He visited all the curiosities of Paris, and saw the first consul on a review day encircled with all the rays of military glory. His account of France is upon the whole pleasing. The style of the work may be termed elegant and sprightly: we have read few works relative to the manners and customs of our hostile neighbours with greater pleasure and satisfaction.

*Practical Discourses ; by the Rev. Richard Warner,
Curate of St. James's, Bath.*

WE have often announced in the pages of our Review the tours of this elegant and spirited writer ; we have also noticed his History of Bath : and now we record with pleasure his Practical Discourses, where we discern the same ability, united with the enlarged and benevolent spirit of christianity. Five of these discourses are on the evidences of our religion, the other four on plain but interesting subjects. Another volume is soon to follow ; and both, we doubt not, will be honored by the public with a favorable reception. As a specimen of the liberal spirit of these sermons, take the following paragraph from the preface—it relates to the christian religion :

“ ITS PROMISES of salvation are given unreservedly to all those who believe its doctrines, and practise its precepts, whatever be the nation, people, or language to which they belong, or the nominal distinctions by which they are separated from each other—whether they be of Paul or Apollos, of Luther, Calvin, or Arminius, of the Romish pale or the reformed church, followers of presbyterianism or advocates of episcopacy.”

The christian revelation is the most rational, the most pure, the most liberal religion in the world.

A Tour through South Wales and Monmouthshire, comprehending a general Survey of the picturesque Scenery, Remains of Antiquity, historical Events, peculiar Manners, and commercial Situations of that interesting Portion of the British Empire. By J. T. Barber, F.S.A.

THIS volume, inscribed to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. M.P. shews the author to be master of his subject: he has taken great pains in inspecting and delineating the southern part of Wales. The writer of this article being a native of that part of Great Britain, knows his descriptions are just, and tracing him through his various routes, can bear witness to his fidelity. The language is good, and the observations on the habits and manners of the people indicate an accurate knowledge of mankind.—A superior edition of this work, with engravings, has also been published. Indeed this tourist could not have pitched on a more delightful spot for the exercise of his pen: South Wales and Monmouthshire have been long and justly celebrated for their antiquities and picturesque beauty.

A Guide to all the Watering and Sea-bathing Places, with a Description of the Lakes, a Sketch of a Tour in Wales, and Itineraries; illustrated with Maps and Views.

IT is well known that each watering and sea-bathing place has its own account of itself for the amusement of its visitants; this book, on the other hand, takes them all in with one

wide and merciless sweep, of course it must possess an uncommon degree of variety, which is a never-failing recommendation to the votaries of gaiety and fashion. To such, these pages cannot fail of proving acceptable; and indeed, to readers in general, it will afford entertainment and instruction.

The several places are taken alphabetically, beginning with Aberyswith, in Wales, and ending with Yarmouth, on the eastern shore of Britain. The appendix likewise embraces the lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, North and South Wales, with its romantic scenery; and the whole closes with itineraries useful to the lovers of peregrination. The numerous views are tolerably executed; some of them we instantly recognised for their likeness; the others, we presume, may possess equal fidelity.

English Parsing, comprising the Rules of Syntax; exemplified by appropriate Lessons under each Rule; with an Index, containing all the Parts of Speech in the different Lessons unparsed. For the Use of Schools, private Teachers, and elder Students.—By James Giles, Master of the Free School, Gravesend.

THE importance of knowing our own language thoroughly will not be questioned, and we profess ourselves favorable to all pieces that are calculated to answer this end. We therefore are pleased with the performance before us, and can readily bestow our approbation

both on its plan and execution. It is drawn up after the model of Linley Murray's English Grammar and Exercises, works of established character and utility—but it is by no means a servile imitation. We think Mr. Giles entitled to praise for his industry and discrimination. A good schoolmaster, however humble and laborious his profession, is a most useful and respectable member of the community.

Unanimity recommended. By W. Burdon, A.M.

WE understand that Mr. Burdon is a gentleman of fortune in the vicinity of Newcastle—a man of liberal education, and known to the world by 'Materials for thinking,' a sensible and liberal publication. He has distinguished himself as the friend of rational liberty, and now comes forward with his pen to proclaim the dangers of invasion. He descants on the present tyrannical proceedings of Bonaparte—points out his glaring inconsistencies, and reprobates his infringement of the liberties of other nations. Unanimity, therefore, is recommended, as a cardinal virtue in our perilous situation; and the pamphlet is deserving of commendation. Talents, however great, and learning, however profound, cannot be more honorably employed than in defending our country.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR JULY, 1803.

IN times past, we have had to record the affairs of Europe in general; and the late lamentable contest afforded us ample materials for observation. During our short-lived peace, we expressed our joy in its arrival, and our wishes for its perpetuity. Now, however, owing to the recent rupture, imperious necessity obliges us to attend alone to our own COUNTRY.

The *menaced Invasion* of this Island, engages universal attention. The *First Consul of France* threatens our destruction. He vows vengeance on this Nation because we refuse to crawl prostrate at his feet. We are the only people who dare denounce his infamous menaces—who dare proclaim to the Universe his manifold acts of cruelty and oppression—poisoning his own sick in the hospitals—slaughtering prisoners of war in cold blood—and, finally, usurping the supreme power in France, that he might bully and insult the WORLD!

To fill up *the measure of his iniquity*, this man (little indeed in stature, but gigantic in crime), now meditates the destruction of OLD ENGLAND.—Our persons are to be seized—our wives and daughters brutally insulted—our houses plundered—our property confiscated—our towns and cities set on fire—and the whole country blackened into one general scene of ruin and devastation! ENGLISHMEN therefore are called upon, by every solemn consideration, to prepare vigorously for the repulsion of such an enemy. And *they* are obeying the call with alacrity! The inhabitants

Britain are buckling on their armour—the courage of the Lion is roused—our posture, we trust, shall be such, that the Corsican Tyrant will meet with an appropriate reception*. Though accustomed to success in other regions, where heat of climate, and the slavish nature of their government, have debilitated the human species—yet *Bonaparte* landing on the shores of ALBION shall be saluted with no other accents than *those* already issuing from amidst the waving banners of freedom—

OLD ENGLAND AND VICTORY!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR JULY, 1803.

1. **B**ILL for the *Army of Reserve* read in Parliament, and meets with general approbation. All parties in the house unite cordially for the defence of the country.

2. The election of the Right Hon. Geo. Tierney, to represent the Borough of Southwark, celebrated by a very splendid procession; after which the company dined together, and the day was passed with the utmost conviviality.

6. A man tried and convicted at the Old Bailey for attacking and beating most cruelly a *poor old woman*, with circumstances of unparalleled brutality. We hope such depravity will meet its proper punishment.

* As he is characterised by the *malignancy*, so let it be seen that he possesses the *impotency* of a Fallen Spirit.

9. About two o'clock the upper part of Westminster Abbey was discovered to be on fire. The flames burst forth so as to threaten its entire destruction. The engines could not reach the height; buckets were hauled up by ropes; and the incessant pouring forth of the water proved successful. The fire was over the Choir, and the roof fell in. The melted lead tumbled down in torrents. About four o'clock the flames were extinguished. The damage is great, but might have been much more considerable. The accident was occasioned by the neglect of the plumber. Such a want of care merits reprobation.

11. A Court of Aldermen meet at Guildhall, to take into consideration Lord Hobart's letter to the Lord Mayor, respecting the raising armed associations for the defence of the metropolis. Strong resolutions were entered into for the security of the country.

13. Warm and animated debates in the House of Commons respecting the Income Tax—there being some little difference of opinion between Mr. Pitt and the Ministry—the former gentleman was for *once* left in a minority!

14. A Man of Colour, of the name of Libley, committed at Bow-street for various frauds on tradesmen. It appeared that he had lodged in great style in Conduit-street, keeping a servant, and pretending to be a West-India merchant of large property.

16. At the meeting of the Proprietors of the Bank Stock, the Chairman stated, that the loss to the Company by the hands of Mr. Aslett, would be 320,000l.!!! Out of this enormous sum, however, it is thought that 78,000l. will be recovered.

19. Mr. Mitchell, the well-known quick walker, undertakes to walk, for the gratification of a few friends interested in the issue, *four* miles in 33

minutes, which distance he performed in the short time of *thirty* minutes!

21. A large and respectable meeting at Lloyd's Coffee-house of Merchants and others, when some spirited resolutions were adopted respecting the threatened invasion; and nearly 50,000*l.* was subscribed.

23. Spirited debates in Parliament respecting the *National Defence*, when Col. Crawford proposed several plans for the security of the country.

26. A numerous and respectable meeting held within the Royal Exchange; a hustings was erected on the east side; the whole square was filled.—Mr. Jacob Bosanquet took the chair, and made a most eloquent and impressive speech. Powerful resolutions were adopted. Mr. Foster seconded the Chair in an animated speech. He concluded with saying, *And let all the people cry, Amen!* which they did with a loud cheer. The resolutions were then put and unanimously agreed to. Having given three cheers, the meeting separated.

24. *Offers of Bonaparte* to the present *King of France*, Lewis XVIII. made public, by which a splendid establishment was promised his exiled Majesty, provided he gave up all pretension to the throne of France. The proposal was magnanimously rejected. It is wonderful that such a spirit can be found in such external degradation. But the wretched *Stuarts*, whose prosperity maddened them to acts of tyranny and oppression, are said to have behaved so well in their exile, that the Historian has pronounced them born to ennoble and dignify adversity!

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

RICHARD CORLESS, Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. James Fenwick, Penzance, Cornwall, linen-draper and shop-keeper. Wm. Thomas, Whitby, York, linen-draper and grocer. Samuel Standish, Pontefract, York, hosier. Tho. Richardson, Waterside, Southowram, Halifax, York, merchant. James Peterson, Stradbroke, Suffolk, tanner. Joseph Portal, Bishopsgate-street, linen-draper. Thomas Berkeley, Cornhill, London, merchant. George Johnson Emmott, Manchester, grocer. Sam. Bicknell the elder, and Sam. Bicknell the younger, Maze-Pond, Southwark, Surrey, soap-boilers. Edm. Burton, Daventry, Northamptonshire, money-scrivener.—Wm. Walker, Leeds, merchant. John Barlow, Manchester, grocer. Wm. Tolley, Dudley, Worcester, victualler. Jos. Steel, Liverpool, liquor-merchant. Francis Byrne, Birmingham, japanner. John Sprigg, Birmingham, linen-draper. Daniel Willmott, of White-cross street, Middlesex, wine and brandy-merchant. Joseph Shepherd, Aldgate High-street, linen-draper. Geo. Fraser and And. Fraser, Bow-Church-yard, warehousemen. Benj. Rushforth, of Marshall-hall, and Wm. Rushforth, of Crowstorne-hall, Yorkshire, merchants. James Jacks, London, merchant. Tobias Purcell, Fleet-street, boot-maker. Edw. Galton, Ilford, Essex, innkeeper. James Perkins, Birmingham, factor. Matthew Foy, Wapping Wall, Middlesex, butcher. Henry Tredwell, Wolvercot, Oxfordshire, grocer. John Rush, Sackville-street, St. James's, wine-merchant. Jos. Houlroyd, Soughwood, Ha-

lifax, York, dealer and chapman. Rob. Emery,
 Great Barr, Aldridge, Stafford, maltster. Rich.
 Westmacott, the elder, Mount-street, St. George,
 Hanover-square, sculptor and stone-mason. Geo.
 Stelfox, Chester, maltster. John Parker, Great
 Wratting, Suffolk, farmer. John Clewett, Cecil-
 street, Strand, taylor. John Ensor, of Sherborne,
 Dorset, spirit-dealer. Hugh Becvy, of Cocker-
 mouth, Cumberland, merchant. John Atkinson,
 Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, ship-owner. Wm.
 Friend, Sunderland, Durham, whitesmith. Rob.
 Elmore, Abchurch, Worcester, miller and corn-
 factor. Edw. Blakeway, John Ross, and Robert
 Winter, of Coalport, Salop, porcelain manufactu-
 rers. John Leigh, Liverpool, merchant. George
 Simpleton, Pancras-lane, merchant. Wm. Phil-
 lips, Liverpool, fruiterer. Wm. Leigh, jun. Li-
 verpool, merchant. Clement Clarke, Great Yar-
 mouth, Norfolk, liquor-merchant. Matt. Church,
 America square, Minorities, merchant. Frederick
 Glenton and Jesse Ness, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
 chemists. Benj. Day, Bishop's Stortford, Hert-
 ford, draper. Alice Vose, Liverpool, millener.—
 Joseph Travis and Peter Nevill, Bolton-le-Moors,
 Lancaster, muslin-manufacturers. Sam. Winpenny,
 of Brearley-Mill, Halifax, cotton-spinner. David
 Holmes, Liverpool, grocer. James Popplewell and
 John Jepson, of Lawrence-Pountney-lane, brokers.
 James Ingram, Strand, hatter.

REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND
 DEATHS IN JULY, 1803.

BIRTHS.

OF a son, Mrs. John Pullen, of Fore-street.
 The lady of John Corbet, Esq. of Sundorne,
 Shropshire, of a daughter.

At Marsk-hall, in Cleveland, Yorkshire, the lady of the Hon. Lawrence Dundas, M. P. of York, of a daughter.

At Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord Vis. Ashbrook, of a daughter.

At Stapleford-hall, Nottinghamshire, the lady of George Sedley, Esq. of a son.

The lady of J. Plumptre, Esq. of a son, at his seat at Fredville, Kent.

The lady of Tho. Haines, Esq. of Liverland, Herefordshire, of a son and heir, at the seat of her father, John Proudman, Esq. Leinthall Earls.

In South Audley-street, the Countess of Albe-marle, of a daughter.

At his house in Guildford-street, the lady of Js. Mackintosh, Esq. of a daughter.

At Craven-hill, the lady of Sir Wm. Beachey, of a son.

At his house in Bloomsbury-square, the lady of John Fowden Hindle, Esq. of a daughter.

At the Rectory-house, Finchley, the lady of the Rev. Ralph Worsley, of a daughter.

In Baker-street, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Gould, of a son and heir.

In Gloucester Place, the Right Hon. Lady Cathcart, of a son.

In Manchester-square, the lady of James Laurell, Esq. of a daughter.

The lady of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, at his house in Great Cumberland Place, of a son.

In Hill-street, Lady Morpeth, of a daughter.

At Somerset-Place, Lady Louisa Rodney, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

AT Mitcham, Surrey, John Pepys, Esq. Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, to Miss Bond, eldest daughter of the late J. Bond, Esq. Mitcham.

At St. Mary Abchurch, Wm. Soltan, Esq. merchant, to Miss Wilson, youngest daughter of J. Wilson, Esq. of Stoke Newington.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Sir H. Peyton, Bart. of Hagbetch, to Mrs. Bradshaw.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mr. Miller, of the Strand, to Miss Anne Holmes.

At Bath, Henry Tho. Davis, Esq. of the Royal Navy, to Miss Sampson.

Lately, Mr. Milner, son of Sir W. Milner, to Miss Clements, grand daughter to the Right Hon. John Beresford.

At Guilsborough, Northamptonshire, William Abbott, Esq. of Wimpole-street, to Miss Ward, daughter of William Zouth Lucas Ward, Esq. of Guilsborough-hall.

William Dickinson, jun. Esq. M. P. of King Weston, Somerset, to Miss Smith, eldest daughter of Sam. Smith, Esq. M. P. of Woodhall Park, Hertford.

Lieut. Col. Browne, of the 59th regt. of foot, to Miss Charlotte Wolseley, second daughter of Sir W. Wolseley, Bart. of Wolseley-hall, Staffordshire.

At Boston, Lincolnshire, Wm. Ferguson, Esq. Surgeon to the Forces, to Miss Harriet Rogers, youngest daughter of the late Tho. Rogers, Esq.

Lord Graves, son of the late Admiral Graves, to Lady Mary Paget, youngest daughter of the Earl of Uxbridge.

At St. George's Hanover-square, Capt. Langford, of the Royal Navy, to Miss Ramsbottom of Windsor. The Captain, assisted by a rope-ladder, had early in the morning borne off his fair prize from her bed-chamber, to which she had been confined by her relations; and having, by means of a prior consent, obtained the necessary documents from Doctor's Commons, he had secured her

by the silken hands of Hymen, whilst a sharp pursuit was maintained on the northern road, on the supposition that the fugitives were embarked for Gretna Green.

Captain Cuthbert, of the Royal Navy, to Miss Willock, daughter of the late Alex. Willock, Esq. of Bedford-square.

Col. Hammond, of St. James's-square, to Miss King, daughter of Sir Richard King, Bart. of Devonshire Place.

The Rev. Daniel Fisher, D. D. of Hackney, to Miss Elizabeth Toms, second daughter of the late Rev. Isaac Toms, of Hadleigh, Suffolk.

Lieut. Col. Taylor, of the 20th Light Dragoons, to Miss Baker, daughter of John Baker, Esq. M. P. for Canterbury.

Richard Taylor, Esq. of Charlton-house, Sunbury, to Miss Martha Gibbons, eldest daughter of Rob. Gibbons, Esq. of Manchester-square.

DEATHS.

In Great Cumberland Place, in the 55th year of his age, Wm. Blake, Esq. of South Carolina.

At Bath, the Rev. Wm. Somerville, A. M. of Dinder, in the county of Somerset, Prebendary of Wells, Rector of Somerville's Aston, and Vicar of Bibury, in the county of Gloucester.

At his house in the Circus, Exeter, in an advanced age, after a lingering illness, Mr. William Jackson, Subchanter, Organist, and Informator Puerorum of the Cathedral of that City; distinguished by the purity of his professional taste, the elegance and extent of his literary acquirements, and the fascinating graces of unaffected conversation.

At Teigh, in Rutland, Miss Francis Bunting, daughter of the late Mr. Bunting, grazier, of that place. In the 27th year of her age she fell a sa-

crifice to that disease so fatal to our fair countrywomen, the consumption.

On the 17th inst. James Shergold, Esq. at Sunbury, Middlesex:

Mr. John Walter, of Charing Cross, upwards of 40 years bookseller there.

At his house at East Sheen, Surrey, William Browne, Esq. of Watling-street.

At an advanced age, General Smith, formerly commander in chief in India. He rose from the lowest rank in the army to the high station he had attained. He is the person whom Foote introduced in one of his Comedies under the name of *Sir Matthew Mite*. The General was in early life a *cheesemonger* in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, but abandoned that calling to try his fortune in India, where he acquired considerable wealth, which he very much augmented, by uncommon success in play since his return to this country. It is well known that he strongly resented Foote's dramatic attack, and called upon the satirical wag for the purpose of demanding satisfaction. He began with an angry tone. "So, Sir, you take *people off*!" "Oh yes," said Foote, who saw the danger which threatened him; "and I can take *myself off*!" when he suddenly *retreated* from the offended General.

On the 2d inst. Mr. Evans, late a bookseller in Paternoster-row. He dropped down dead whilst conversing with a person in Chapter-house-court. He had retired from business some years. By his will it appears he has left 8000*l.* to Mr. Brown, a person who has lived shopman for some years with Mr. Longman, in the same Row, with whom he formerly lived in the habits of friendship. This seems the more extraordinary, as he has a son at sea, and a nephew a clerk in the same house, to neither of whom he has left a guinea. Mr. Evans

requested in his will, that he might be buried without coffin or shroud, and that the whole of his funeral expence should not exceed forty shillings!

At his seat of Velynydd, in the county of Brecon, after a lingering illness, Capt. Tho. Hughes Williams, of the 24th regt. of foot, in the 22d year of his age.

At Spandau, in his 73d year, Jas. F. E. Scott, a General in the Prussian service, Commandant of the fortress of Spandau, and Knight of the Order of Merit; an honour conferred on him by Frederick the Great. He was the eldest son of the late William Scott, Esq. of Auchtidowald, Aberdeenshire, and had been 55 years in the Prussian service.

Major Gen. Horton Briscoe, at Calcutta, in December last, while on a visit to the Governor-General. The body was interred with great military pomp, and the scene was most solemnly grand.

At Graveley, Herts, in the 74th year of his age, the Rev. Thelwall Salisbury, 33 years Rector of the said parish.

At his seat at Sunbury, in Middlesex, Roger Boehm, Esq. one of the Directors of the Bank of England.

At Winchester, Hants, in child-bed with her 13th child, Mrs. Page, wife of Daniel Page, Esq. Barrack-Master of that place.

To Correspondents.

We are sorry we cannot oblige JACINTHA.—Several favours are received, and shall meet with due attention.

In consequence of the indisposition of our artist, we are obliged to postpone the portrait of Lord Monboddo till our next.

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